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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

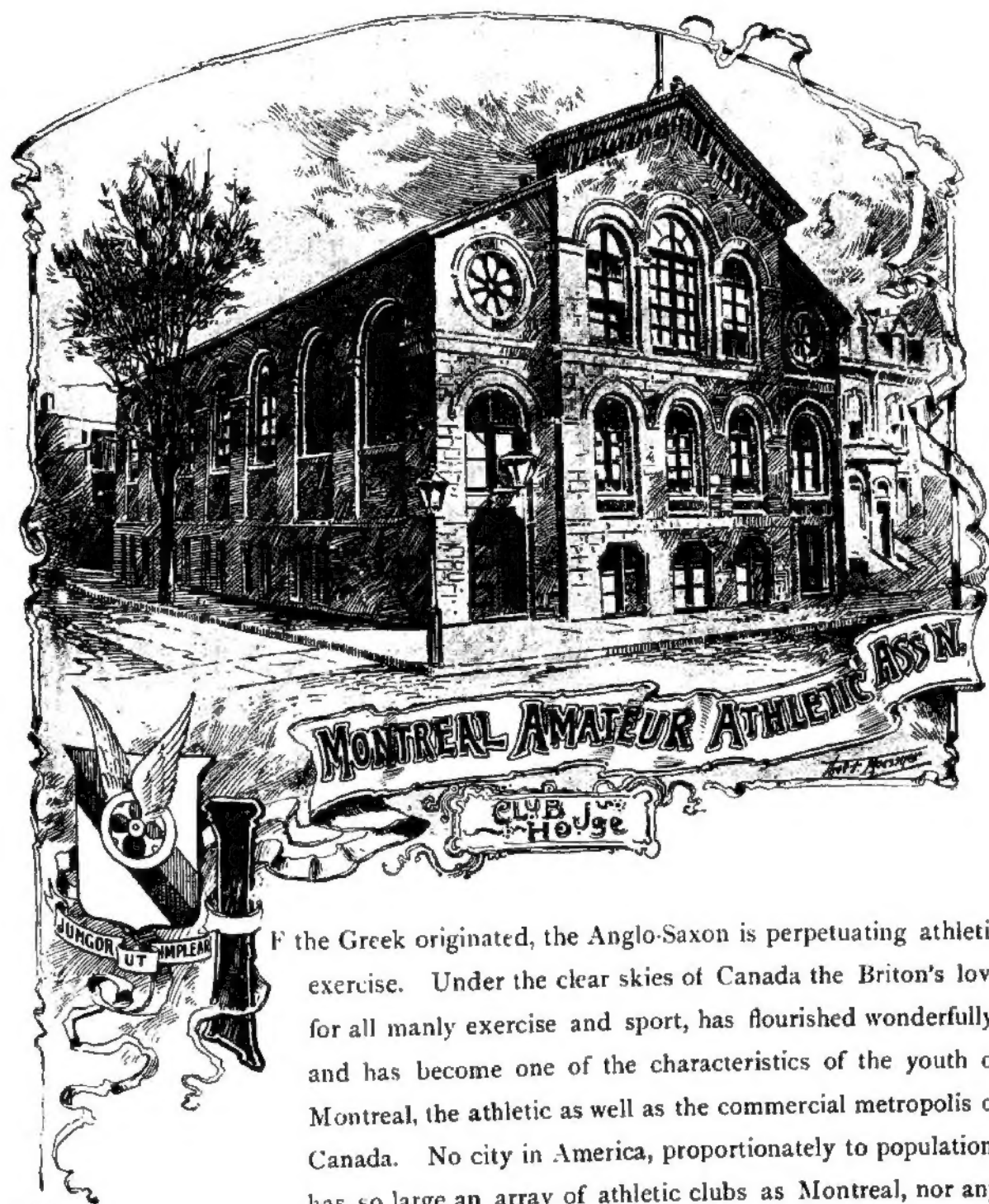
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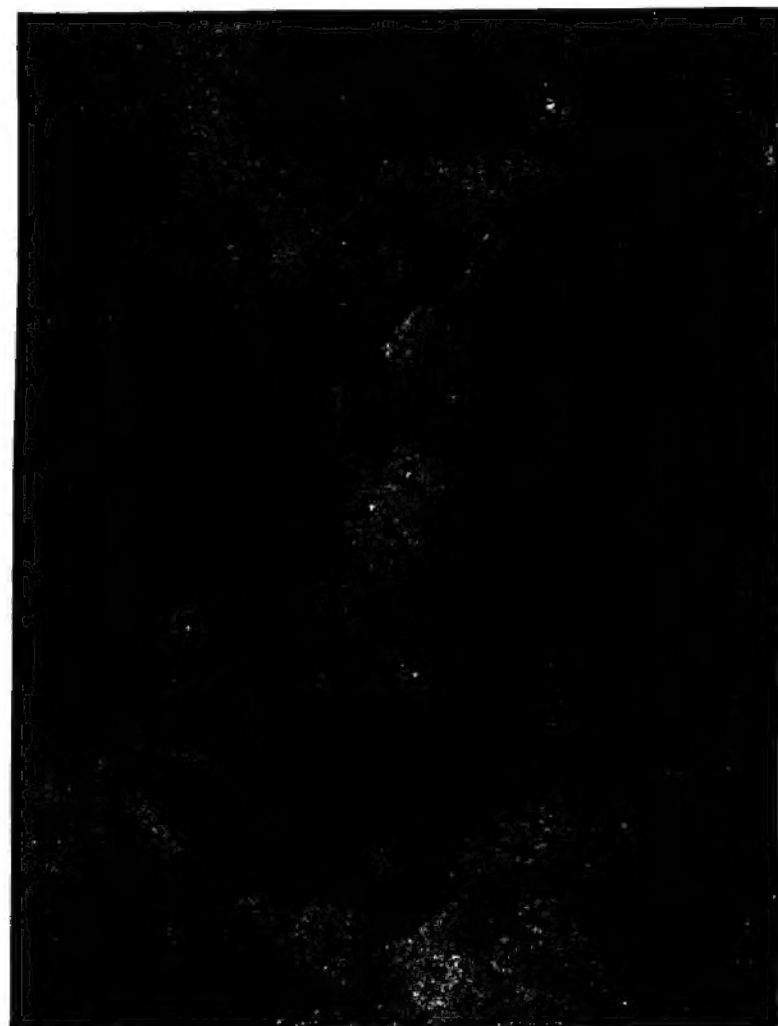
MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 5th JANUARY, 1889.

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If the Greek originated, the Anglo-Saxon is perpetuating athletic exercise. Under the clear skies of Canada the Briton's love for all manly exercise and sport, has flourished wonderfully, and has become one of the characteristics of the youth of Montreal, the athletic as well as the commercial metropolis of Canada. No city in America, proportionately to population, has so large an array of athletic clubs as Montreal, nor any with the age and prestige of those composing the now celebrated Montreal Amateur Athletic Association. The Progress of this institution has been marvelous. Formed by the members of three athletic clubs, to provide themselves with a habitation or club-house, where they could meet and discuss club affairs, it has, under the influence and guidance of clear, straight business principles, and an earnest encouragement given to all genuine and honest amateur athletics, grown into an institution whose limit of usefulness to the youth of the city cannot be estimated, and which every citizen can point to with pride.

Hence it is that we give the M. A. A. A. a prominent place in this, our first number of volume the second, with the desire to extend the usefulness and the fame of this great Canadian athletic organization, not only to the extreme ends of our broad Dominion, but to the far off shores where the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED has already many subscribers, to England and France, the United States, Australia and India. We abridge the history of the association from the account given of it in "Athletic Leaves" by Mr. Will. H. Whyte, to whose courtesy we are indebted for the use of the engravings which appeared in that publication. The portraits we give of some leading members of the M. A. A. A. are from photographs by Summerhayes & Walford.



THE LATE NICHOLAS HUGHES, (EVERGREEN).



ANGUS GRANT, (EVERGREEN THE SECOND).



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5th JANUARY, 1889.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

We are glad to announce that we have made arrangements with the well known house of John Haddon & Co., 3 and 4 Bouverie street, Fleet street, E.C., London, England, to be our representatives in Great Britain. They are authorized to receive subscriptions and to make contracts for advertising space. THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will be kept on file by them, and they will be in a position to answer all enquiries relative to the publication.

## THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

We are forming a joint stock company to own and publish this journal. Its success as a commercial enterprise is now beyond doubt. The reception given the paper by the Press and the Public has been enthusiastic. The subscription lists keep swelling day by day. The advertising is steadily improving and the outlook generally is excellent. We started the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED with limited means, and have, single-handed, brought it to a period when the employment of additional capital is not only justified by the work done, the results achieved, and the certainty of success, but is required for the improvement, permanency and economic production of the paper. The proposed capital of the company is \$50,000, in shares of \$100, a notable portion of which is already subscribed by good business men, whose names we are at liberty to communicate to intending investors. The limited time we can spare from the arduous labours connected with the publication does not allow us to call on, nor even to write to, the many friends and well-wishers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, who may be both able and willing to assist in the enterprise. We therefore take this means of reaching them and asking them, as a particular favour, to send us their names, so that we may mail to them a detailed statement and prospectus. We would like to have shareholders all over the Dominion, and will be pleased to have applications for one share, five shares, or ten, from any of our friends. They will find it an investment that will be highly profitable and can only increase in value year by year. For prospectus and form of application, address the publishers.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

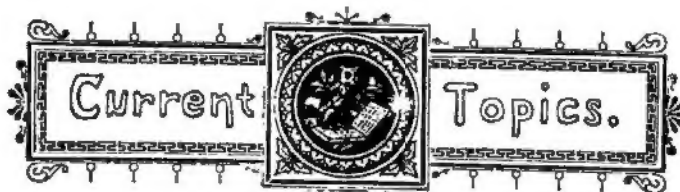
Bliss Carman must put forth his first volume of poems.

Miss C. Alice Baker has made the interesting discovery that Mgr. Plessis, first Archbishop of Quebec, was American through his mother, his grandmother being a Deerfield captive.

Lawrence Oliphant, the distinguished English author, whose death was announced on Monday, was Secretary to Lord Elgin while the latter was Governor-General of Canada.

Poe first thought of "The Bells" when walking the streets of Baltimore on a winter night. He rang the bell of a lawyer's house—a stranger to him—walked into the gentleman's library, shut himself up and the next morning presented the lawyer with a copy of his celebrated poem.

The greatest tutor of the day, Dr. Routh, is retiring at the early age of 57. Born in Quebec, he went to England, became a member of Peterhouse at Cambridge, and graduated as Senior Wrangler in 1854. He "turned out" twenty-seven Senior Wranglers.



The Cleveland *World* holds that the negro is in no respect the equal of the white man; that he is becoming a social nuisance, and that education does not help him, but makes him only more offensive, and it clinches all by asking, "Why should the riff-raff of the South be entitled to vote?"

Toronto shall have to look out for its laurels. Its rate of growth has been wonderful, but the rise of Vancouver seems to be still more striking. In January, 1886, the population of Vancouver was 600, and every house in it was destroyed by fire. In 1887 it rose to 3,000. In the beginning of 1888 it was 6,000, and the estimate now is 10,000.

In the way of public institutions, there is one which Montreal woefully lacks—a Free Library. The Fraser Institute is on the way of establishing the circulation of its books, and the conveniences for reading and consultation are plentiful and within reach. We foresee that, before the end of the century, the Fraser Institute will be one of the proudest boasts of this metropolis.

The Free Library of Toronto is doing a great work. In 1884 the circulation was 179,506; in 1885, 277,931; in 1886, 207,095; in 1887, 275,066, and the past year is estimated at over 300,000 volumes, or an average of about 1,000 per day, and it is estimated that during the past year, in the 306 days that the library was open, over 600,000 persons took advantage of the opportunities provided by the reading rooms.

A French-Canadian editor writes from Paris that Mr. Curran, M.P. for Montreal Centre, is strikingly like M. Floquet, First Minister of the Republic. Why, that was stated in these columns five months ago, when the portrait of Mr. Curran was published by us. The likeness is extraordinary. It is twinlike—the same hair, whisker, forehead, eye, mouth and chin—only M. Floquet is at least ten years older, though he does not look it.

While a few wild politicians, on the other side, bluster about Canada, we hear of thoughtful Americans who know how to appreciate our worth. At the meeting of the American Historical Association, sitting in Washington, last week, Dr. Poole, librarian of the Newberry Library, Chicago, said "some of the enterprise of the Canadian Government in organizing its historical archives should animate the Congress of the United States."

The old oak in Woodbridgetown, Conn., remarkable for its huge dimensions, was felled to the ground the other day, after five hours of chopping by four men. The trunk was 27 feet 6 inches in diameter, and contained over 1,100 layers or rings, showing that it was above a thousand years old. The tree was said to have been the largest in New England. Now, why was that tree felled? In the interests of science it ought to have been kept. The dear old song has lost its echo:

Woodman, spare that tree!

The latest news in regard to the question of copyright is that at the yearly meeting of the International Copyright Association, held at Boston last Monday, the secretary had no formal report to make. Mr. Houghton mentioned cases of organized opposition to the work of the Associa-

tion, the most formidable being that of the Press Association which furnishes matter for country and weekly papers. This opposition was backed by money, and the Association had a great deal of work before it.

At the adjourned meeting of the teachers of the district of Bedford and St. Johns, P.Q., Mr. N. D. Truett read a paper on Teachers' Associations and the necessity for one in the Eastern Townships. The object of such an association should be to rally the teachers within their limits, numbering 250. The paper took exception to diverse methods of teaching, and especially to the too frequent changing of elementary teachers. Again, the elementary schoolhouses were not what they should be, and pupils were not too careful of their habits or personal appearance.

The New Year's list of Court favours includes Chief Justice Allen, of New Brunswick, knighted, and Hon. Mr. Trutch, of British Columbia, K.C.M.G. The Bench of the several Provinces has been plentifully honoured, and the cause of education stimulated by the knighthood of Sirs Wm. Dawson and Daniel Wilson. So far, so well, but there are other classes that should soon have their turn, such as that of scientific and railway engineers, represented, for instance, by Mr. Sandford Fleming, who has been a C.M.G. these twelve years, and who deserves the promotion to K.C.M.G.

The great St. Lawrence has fought against his fetters of ice this year. Contrary to the rule, the river was open on the 1st January, and to make the event historic, four Caughnawaga Indians, with two reporters, "shot" the Lachine Rapids on that day. The party left Caughnawaga at about 10.30 a.m. and arrived at the Richelieu Basin at 1 p.m., under the captainship of Big John. They came down the main channel and reported that the river was very full of ice and extremely difficult of passage. A large crowd assembled on the river side and on the ice to witness their arrival, and the greetings were most enthusiastic. The boat is 30 feet long by 5 feet wide, and is in shape like those usually employed for portaging over the ice.

We refer elsewhere, editorially, to the return of Principal Grant to Canada. Here is what he said, among other things, at the reception given him by the whole city of Kingston. What his experience taught him was that Canada was good enough for any man, a great deal too good for those who had doubts about the destiny of the country. He said that while in Australia he was asked about retaliation and the purchase of Canada by the United States. And he had said that Canada was all right, that she was quite capable of taking care of herself, that she was desirous of living on terms of peace with her neighbours, but that she would not be bullied into any position she did not desire. Of Canada he always felt proud, but never so proud of her as when he sniffed the pure air of Vancouver. He was prouder still when he stepped aboard the Pullman car on the Canadian Pacific continental railway, the best equipped road on the globe.

Commander Eugene Albert Maréchal, officer of the Legion of Honour, has been placed in charge of the Newfoundland Naval Station by the French Government. M. Maréchal, who is one of the youngest superior officers in the French navy, and a self-made man, is well known in Montreal and Quebec, having come here in 1876 as A.D.C. to Admiral duPeyron on the flagship *La Galissonnière*.



### SNIFFING VANCOUVER.

After a sojourn of nine months at the Antipodes, in search of health from the land of flowers and of summer seas, Principal George Grant, of Kingston, has come back not only renewed in strength, but more of a Canadian, if that might be, than when he sailed full into the hopeful light of the Southern Cross. He was glad to be back among his own again, and when he "sniffed the air of Vancouver"—these are his own words—he felt a rapture of joy, such as that with which Knowle's Tell was thrilled on his Alp, in the day of triumph:

\* \* \* Blow on, ye winds,  
This is the land of liberty!

Doctor Grant is one of those men whose views on questions of public or national import we do not go far to seek. Without ever thrusting himself forward, he is never afraid to tell of his abiding faith in the institutions of his country, and his belief in the old constitutional principle that it is best to let well enough alone. He hails from Nova Scotia, and is a good representative of the men of brain from the Lower Provinces, who have made their mark in every part of this young Dominion. His book "From Ocean to Ocean," written after crossing the continent with that other eminent Scotch-Canadian and engineer, Mr. Sandford Fleming, was one of those that formed an epoch in the literature of the Northwest, and gave an impulse of its own to the Canadian Pacific Railway. Devoted to the cause of the higher education in Halifax, Doctor Grant was sought for in a broader field, in the Province of Ontario, and led to accept the headship of Queen's University at Kingston. Here a task of rebuilding, in more ways than one, was set before him and, with characteristic bravery, he undertook it. It was thus that he became widely known to the people of the Upper Provinces, and his influence spread not only into the Northwest, but, he was asked, more than once, to make his voice heard in the Province of Quebec.

Although Principal Grant's chief mission and most congenial work is in the training of youth for the duties of citizens and Christians, his many-sided mind has brought him into contact with the most interesting measures of discussion for the public weal, and in every case he has been found the staunch patriot, the enlightened reader of our future and the foe of all theories of change that would substitute the spirit of unrest for the reign of peace and contentment. Be it said, with due respect, that the constitution of a young country, such as ours, is as an Ark of the Covenant, and blasted be the hand that is raised against it. Whether on the Halifax Citadel, on the breezy prairies at Brandon, or on the briny stretches of Vancouver, let us "sniff" and drink in with full lungs the draughts of Canadian freedom.

### IN GHOSTLAND.

Let not the reader stand aghast. The word Ghost is good old English, which all of us understand, and when we speak of Ghostland, we mean to make enquiry about the spirit land, and the intercourse that can and does take place with the souls of the loved ones gone before. A fortnight ago there appeared a paper in No. 26 (Vol. I.) of the ILLUSTRATED, entitled "The Poet's Rapture," being an account of a letter of Lord Tennyson's,

in which he described how his soul went forth from him, and held communion with a spirit known to him and felt, although unseen, and then conclusive passages were quoted from "In Memoriam," to show that these moods were therein also described.

This paper did not pass unnoticed, and many thoughtful readers were so struck thereby, that it set them thinking. Chief among these was Mr. John Reade, M.A., of Montreal, who sent a brilliant amplification of the same psychological phenomenon, drawn from his own vast reading. This paper will be found, with the apt quotations, in the present number of our journal, and the reader will turn to it with eager curiosity.

After the reading, the thought will of itself come up that these instances are drawn from modern experience, and, as naturally, the scholar will remember that the whole subject is as old as literature. Then the wonder will be that we make so much ado about it. What do we read oftener than of visions in the sky, and of bodily shows of the Deity in the woods, and on the hills, or in the barrens, in the Old Testament? And the miracles of the New? And the wonders of the Acts? There is a halo of romance about the legends of the Thebais, peopled with ghosts come back to warn or comfort in reply to prayers. And mark—the word legend is not here used in the sense of fable. Barring the embellishments of poetic recital, the stories of the anchorites belong to honest history. Coming further down, we have St. Jerome, in the Syrian desert of Chalcis, visited not by angels, with white wings, and bearing baskets of lilies, but by imps, in hoof and tail and pitchfork, come to tempt him; and lascivious nymphs hovering around to lure him back to the festive days of the Imperial Court. Then there was St. Augustine and the little angel on the sea beach of Carthage, teaching, with his tiny shell, one of the sublimest lessons in Christian philosophy; Theresa and her rhapsodies; Agnes, on the sands of the Colosseum; Loyola and the cross; Xavier and the open heavens, on the shores of Sancian, and so on, all through the "Ages of Faith," as described by Kenelm Digby in his monumental work, under that title. Read Shakespeare in "Hamlet" and "Lear" and you will understand how the honest and matter-of-fact feeling in spiritualism was rife in his time, almost as much as in the days of Chaucer. Read Byron also in "Manfred." But the most striking instance of all is that of St. Simeon Stylites, of the fifth century, modernized by Tennyson. The poet, however, gives too harrowing a picture, quite other than that left in full by Theodoretus, Archbishop of Tyre, one of the gravest and most trustworthy historians of the early church, and who visited Simeon, on his pillar. This shaft was, first, 6 cubits high, then 12, then 32, then 36, and thereon the solitary stood, day and night, in rain and sunshine, for seven and thirty years, dying at the green old age of sixty-nine at last. Theodoretus says that he suffered from his cramped position, which he changed from standing to kneeling and bending his body forward; he was fed by his disciples and the faithful or curious who stood around his pillar and listened to his teachings. But the best part of his time was spent in contemplation, under the starry skies, or when the sun shone and the storm roared, and these communications with the Spiritual world kept him company, and sustained his

energies. Tennyson's description of his last vision is tempered with the proper reverence:

The end! the end!  
Surely the end! What's here? a shape, a shade,  
A flash of light. Is that the angel there  
That holds a crown? Come, blessed brother, come.  
I know thy glittering face, I waited long;  
My brows are ready.

Then there is a moment of doubt that he may lose the guerdon, and he utters a loud prayer and is comforted with a second sight:

\* \* \* 'Tis there again; the crown! the crown!  
So now 'tis fitted on and grows to me,  
And from it melt the dews of Paradise;  
Sweet! sweet! Spikenard and balm and frankincense,  
Ah! let me not be fooled, sweet saints. I trust  
That I am whole, and clean, and meet for Heaven.

Deliver me the blessed sacrament;  
For by the warning of the Holy Ghost  
I prophesy that I shall die to-night,  
A quarter before twelve.

And then, to show that he was happy at the last, he prayed for his followers who had come in at the death:

\* \* \* But thou, Lord,  
Aid all this foolish people; let them take  
Example, pattern; lead them to the light!

Tennyson never gave a more beautiful finishing touch than in those closing lines, doubtless feeling, when he wrote them, with so many others, like Hamlet, that

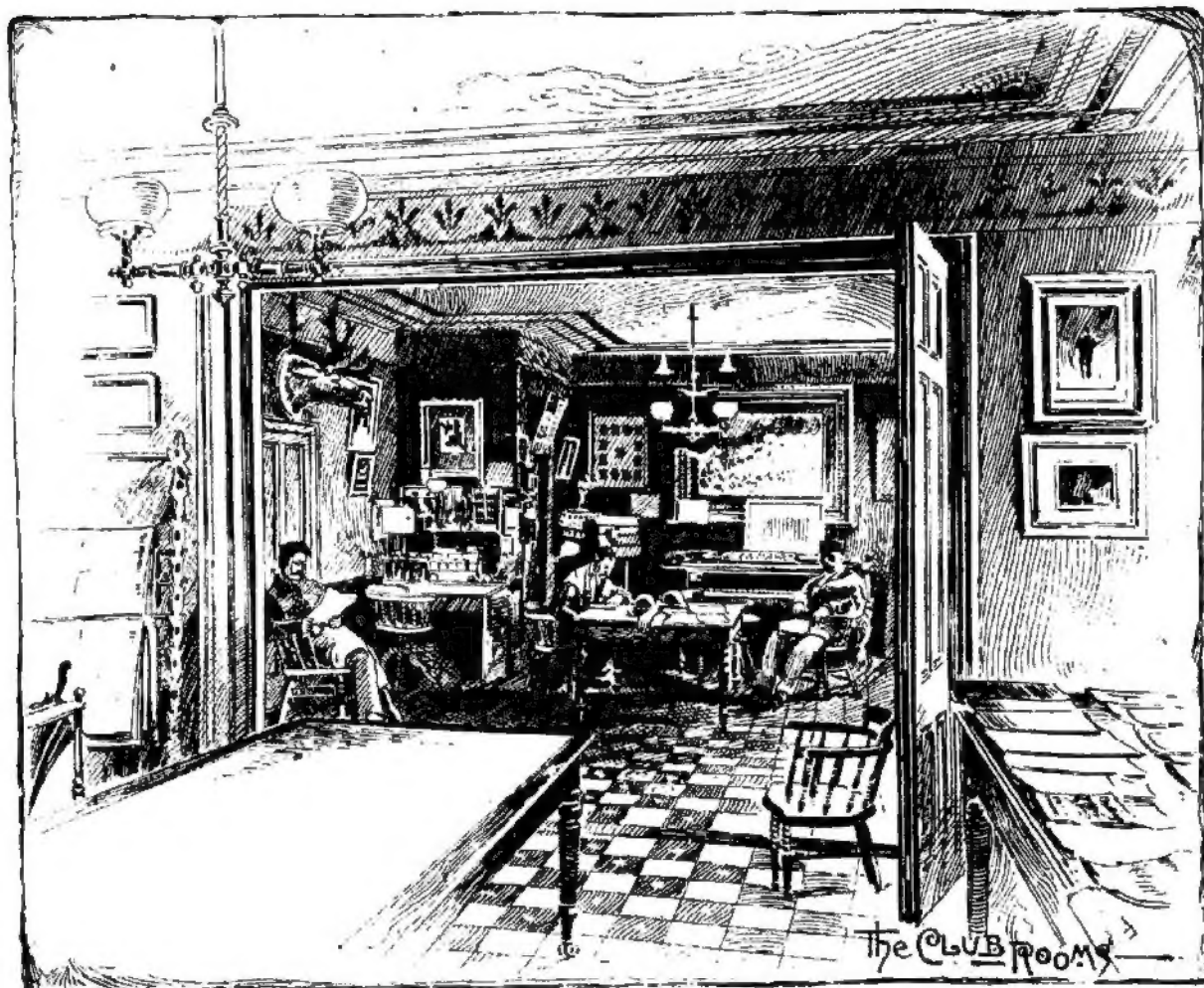
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

### FINE ARTS IN MONTREAL.

M. Benjamin Constant, the eminent artist, was in Montreal for several days of last and this week. He was born in Paris in 1845, studied under Cabanel, and resided for several years in Spain and Morocco. In 1875 he obtained a medal in the Salon, and at the Exposition Universelle, in 1878; the next year he became a knight in the Legion of Honour, and in 1884 an officer, and finally a member of the Société d'Aquarellistes Français—a closed society of water colourists, whose members are also members of the Salon. There are at present four examples of his work in Montreal, the most important of which is the "Hérodiade," in possession of Hon. Senator Drummond. Another was in the recent loan collection at the Art Gallery, "An Eastern Beauty." Mr. Drummond also owns "Le Lendemain d'une Victoire à l'Alhambra," and Sir Donald Smith has "Le Soir sur les Terrasses." M. Constant came to America some weeks ago and arrived in Montreal accompanied by M. E. W. Glaenzer, a delegate from the French Government in connection with the section of Fine Arts of the Exposition Universelle of 1889. M. Constant is a man of fine presence and figure and looks the real artist; he speaks very little English and is thoroughly bound up in his art. His immediate business here was to examine L'Hérodiade; the varnish has become soiled to such an extent that the picture is in danger of being spoiled. To remedy it is a work of some time, and the work is being carried to Europe for that purpose. If done in time it will be exhibited at the Exposition. M. Constant was the guest at a dinner of Senator Drummond, and met a number of leading Montreal citizens.



M. A. A. A.



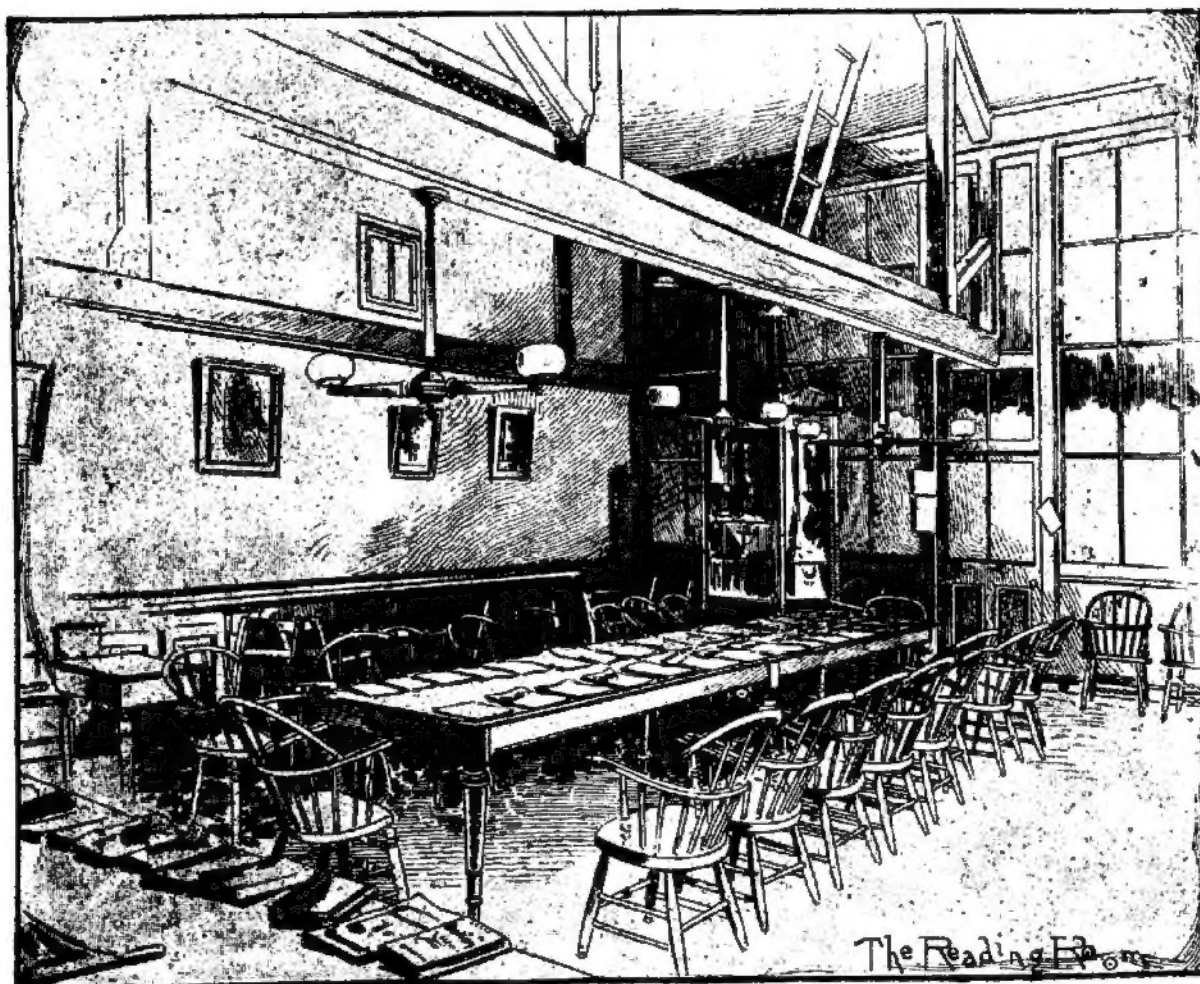
THE CLUB ROOMS.



W. L. MALTBY, PRESIDENT, M. A. A. A.



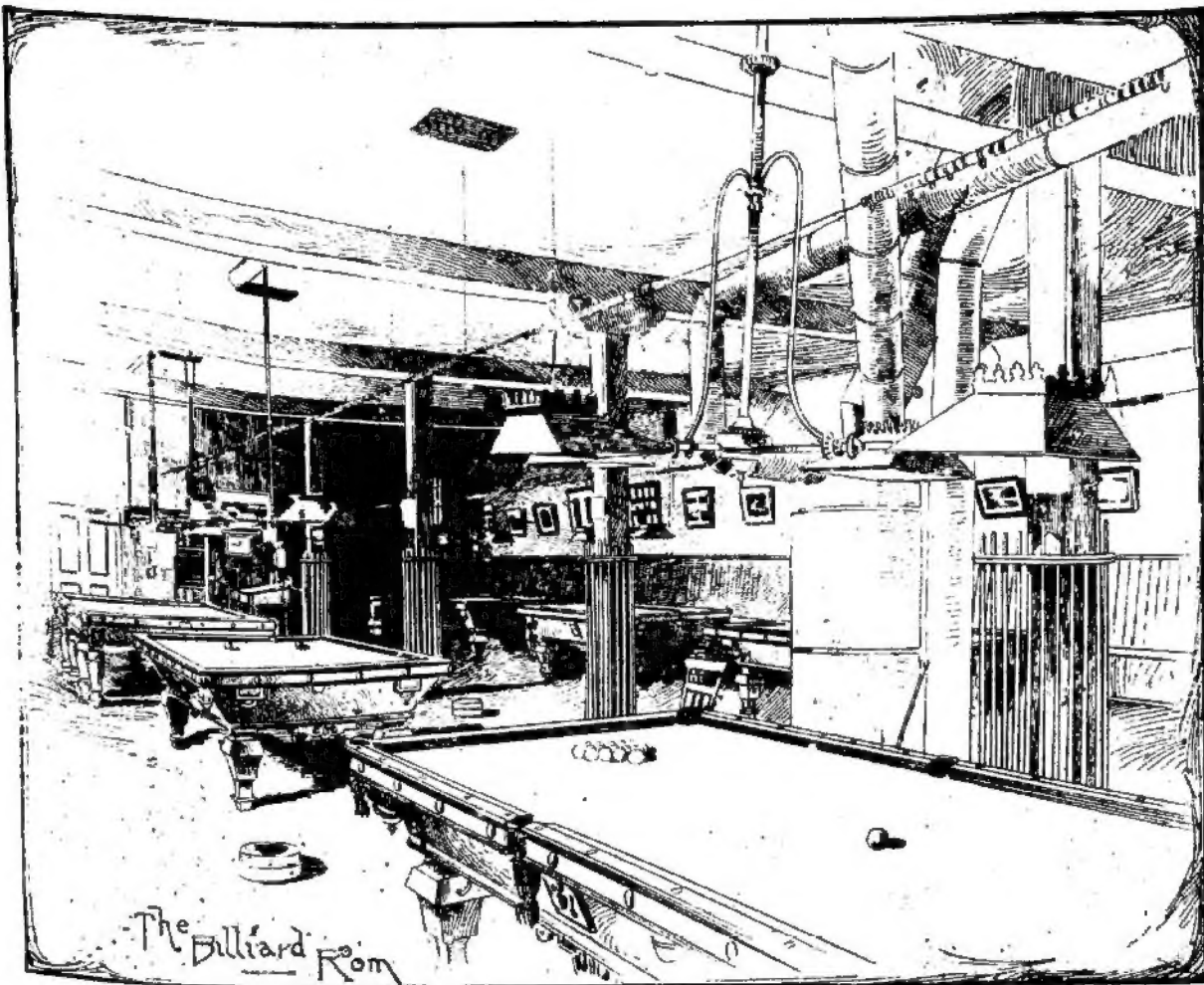
A. W. STEVENSON, VICE PRESIDENT, M. A. A. A.



THE READING ROOM.



M. A. A. A.



THE BILLIARD ROOM.



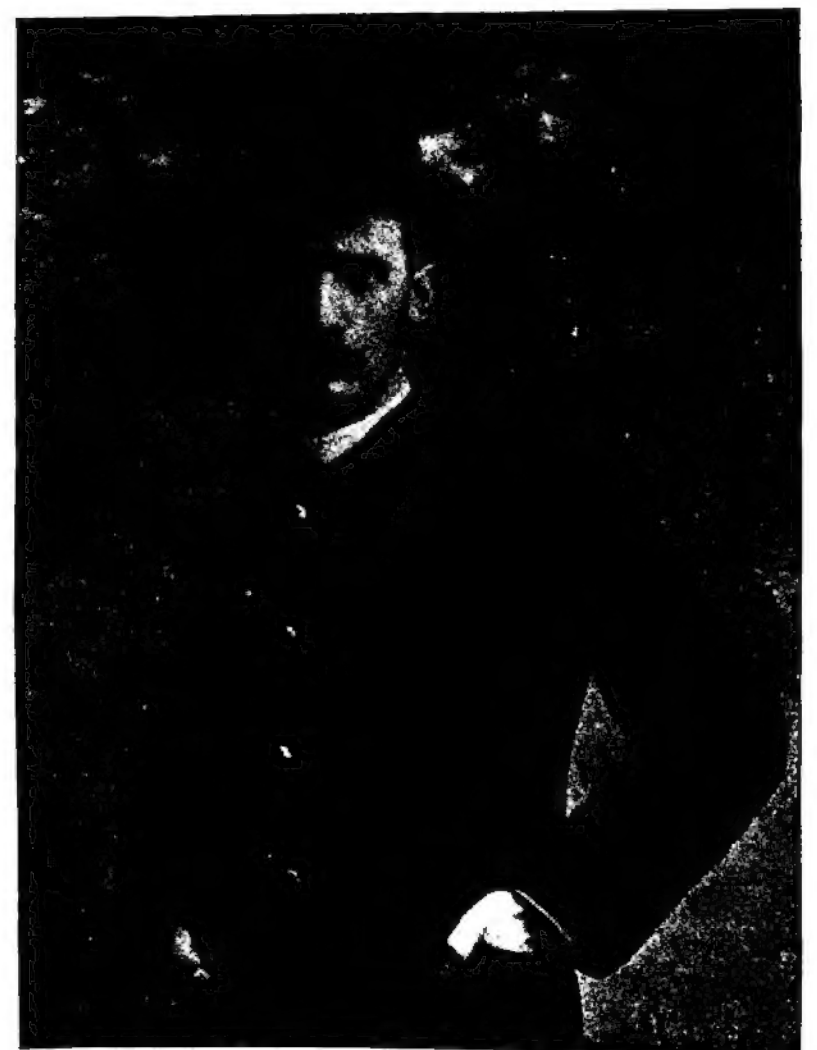
H. W. BECKET.



THE MONTREAL TOBOGGAN SLIDE.



A SUCCESSFUL DEER HUNT.  
From a photograph by Capt. Imlah, R.C.A.



ROBERT LLOYD, SECRETARY M. A. A. A.





THE M. A. A. A. is composed of five clubs, viz.: The Montreal Lacrosse Club; The Montreal Snow-shoe Club; The Montreal Bicycle Club; The Montreal Foot-ball Club and the Tuque Bleue Toboggan Club. The first on the list, and the club claiming the honour of originating the association, is THE MONTREAL LACROSSE CLUB, the pioneer and "Alma Mater" club of Canada's national game. It dates its formation as a club back to 1856. In 1859 Dr. Geo. W. Beers, the now honorary president of the club, and very properly styled the "Father of Lacrosse," compiled and published the first code of written laws of the game, the principles of which have been little altered or changed since. In 1860, the club, in conjunction with the Beaver Lacrosse Club, assisted in the public welcome to Montreal of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and played a match of twenty-four whites versus twenty-four Indians in honour of the visit. The year 1867, which saw the birth of the Canadian nationality, in the confederation of the Provinces into the Dominion of Canada, saw also the adoption by the Canadian youth of Lacrosse as "The National Game," and its endorsement by all the leading newspapers in the country. Two celebrated Canadian clubs, the "Shamrock" of Montreal and the "Toronto" club of Toronto, were formed this year. In 1876, the club, accompanied by a team of Caughnawaga Indians, crossed the Atlantic and had the honour of introducing and establishing the game in Great Britain by this visit. After a successful tour of the three kingdoms, the teams, by royal command, visited and played at Windsor Castle, before Her Majesty the Queen—to whom they were individually presented. Again they crossed the ocean in 1883, but half the team were composed of the Toronto Lacrosse Club, whom they asked to accompany them. A record of some sixty matches played, one before H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, again fully exemplified the game to the British public. The brilliant record of the club during the two years 1885 and 1886, winning the Canadian championship both seasons, is still too well remembered to need any extended remarks. In 1886, a Lacrosse team from the various clubs in the North of Ireland, under the cognomen of the "Irish Lacrosse Team," visited Montreal as the guests of the Montreal Lacrosse Club. A pleasant and enjoyable visit of three days was spent in entertaining the Irish pupils of the M. L. C., Montreal's proverbial hospitality being fully sustained at the hands of her Pioneer Lacrosse Club. The M. A. A. A. has not been the first institution that this club has assisted to form. When the war cloud caused by the Trent excitement of 1862 loomed up, the members assisted to organize that famous battalion of Canadian militia (or volunteers as it is popularly called) "The Victoria Rifles of Canada." The Beaver Lacrosse Club, headed by several who were afterward prominent Montreal club men, formed No. 1 Company, the other five companies being formed by the members of the Montreal Lacrosse and the Montreal Snow-shoe clubs. The regiment has now built a \$40,000 armoury, and has always numbered in its rank and file many members of these clubs. During its long existence the club has made few honorary members, those on the role being H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, (dating from 1860), H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught (dating from 1869), the Earl of Dufferin, the Marquis of Lorne and the Marquis of Lansdowne.

THE MONTREAL SNOW-SHOE CLUB. The club is better known to visitors to the winter carnivals who have witnessed their snow-shoe races, attended their concerts, or viewed their torchlight processions and attack on the ice palace during the carnivals. To a member of the club, Mr. R. D. McGibbon, can be conceded the honour of proposing and originating those widely celebrated festivals of Canadian sport, "The Montreal Winter Carnivals." The club heartily supported him in the idea and contributed a lion's share to their organization and success. In 1886, when Montreal decided to omit the yearly carnival, 150 members of the Montreal S. S. Club accepted an invitation from the Coasting Club of Burlington, to assist them in holding a winter carnival in their town. A most enjoyable visit was made, and reciprocity, at least in friendship and athletics, firmly established. A well-known feature of the club is its famous head-dress, from whence it derives its equally celebrated cognomen, "Tuque Bleue." This style of head-gear is also Canadian, and is a woollen or knitted cap or "tuque," as it was called by the Normandy French who settled in Canada some hundreds of years ago, and from whose descendants the club adopted it twenty years since.

THE MONTREAL BICYCLE CLUB. Bicycling is a sport of much later years, and the Montreal Bicycle Club cannot claim the antiquity of its sister clubs in the M. A. A. A. 1878 was the year of its organization, although some of its original members wheeled through the city for some four years previously. Even by this date, however, it is the oldest bicycle club in Canada and the second in age on this continent, Boston claiming priority. It has upward of 188 mounted and uniformed riders, and the neighbourhood and island of Montreal, as well as much of the surrounding country, has been often and fully visited by it. Long rides of two and three days' duration are often indulged in, and even Toronto, 330 miles distant, has had a visit from the members of the "winged cycle."

THE TUQUE BLEUE TOBOGGAN CLUB cannot claim any lengthy age like the senior clubs in the association. It dates its formation to the fall of 1883, and takes second place to the Montreal Toboggan Club, founded in 1879. It was organized by some members of the Montreal Snow-shoe Club, who suggested an artificial slide on the Lacrosse Club grounds on Sherbrooke street, on account of its central locality, and has proved itself a rapid and popular institution, having already a larger membership than any of its sister clubs in the association. Being composed largely and formed by the members of the Snow-shoe Club, it adopted the soubriquet of that club for a name. It affiliated the following year, 1884, with the M. A. A. A., and together with other kindred organizations in Montreal, has assisted very much in the success of the winter carnival. It also instituted toboggan races as a new feature in sport. Its artificial slide has proved such a success that hundreds of similar structures have been erected all over Canada and the Northern and Northwestern States.

THE MONTREAL FOOTBALL CLUB. The last club to amalgamate with the M. A. A. A. was the Montreal Football Club, in the spring of 1885. It is also the pioneer club of its sport in Canada, and dates its organization to the year 1868, when for some years it had many good and exciting matches with the officers of Her Majesty's regiments then in garrison at Montreal. It has ably held its own with the numerous clubs who have been and are in existence since then. Its most active competitor is, however, the "Britannia Football Club," the majority of whom are also members of the M. A. A. A., and sturdy and staunch rivals they have proved themselves. The Montreal Club has held for a number of years the football championship of the Dominion, and has in its possession many valuable trophies won on the field. It has paid frequent visits to the United States, two of them to Boston when they played against Harvard College. In 1881, Harvard returned their visits and were the club's guests in Montreal. The interest in the sport is fast increasing, and the club hopes to have some more of its American rivals as guests the coming year.

In March, 1877, the officers of the Lacrosse and Snow-shoe Clubs, becoming weary of meeting in different places to transact club business, determined to have some fixed habitation for club meetings. A suggestion to lease two rooms in the Montreal Gymnasium was acted upon, alterations were made, and the place made cozy and comfortable by donations and otherwise. This joint occupancy was continued until the end of 1878, when the gymnasium directors finding they were gradually but surely falling in arrears, for they had a heavy mortgage on the building, determined to sell the property. Now was the time to act, the two clubs finding the rooms had been of great benefit to them, made overtures to the Gymnasium authorities to lease the whole building for a term of years. After some considerable trouble this proposition was ultimately concluded in January, 1879, at a rental of one thousand dollars per annum, some of the more cautious members of the clubs giving a very dubious assent to the scheme. In 1880, the clubs offered to assume the mortgage if the shareholders would deed over the property to the clubs, and receive in return therefor a life membership to the building and club house. Some months were occupied by both interested parties in discussing the scheme; but all things have an end, and in April, 1881, the Lacrosse, Snow-shoe and Bicycle clubs (the latter joining in order to assist the scheme) found themselves in possession of a home of their own, and a valuable acquisition toward the promotion of athletic interests. In June, 1881, an act of incorporation was received from the Provincial Parliament at Quebec, under the name of "The Montreal Amateur Athletic Association." In the fall of 1884, the Toboggan Club affiliated, and the Football Club in the spring of 1885.

To thoroughly understand the position of the association and the clubs composing it, it would be well to bear in mind the constitution and the bonds of union which bind them together. In the first place, the several clubs have not lost their individuality in the amalgamated association. The individual autonomy of each is carefully preserved; all the detail of internal arrangement is still under the care of the executive committee of each. Each club holds its annual meeting and elects its own officers—in fact, the association is simply a confederation of clubs and may be justly likened to the Confederation of the Provinces in the Dominion of Canada or the United States of America, the association keeping merely an apparent financial check upon each club. The affairs of the association are under the control of the Board of Directors, which consists of three representatives from each club, one of which must be their president. This board has control of the finances, the internal management of the club-house, all out-door athletics, such as race-meetings, and the leasing and renting of ground for the clubs, etc. By careful management the association which started in June, 1881, with a mortgage of \$13,000, found itself in May, 1886, entirely free from debt, besides having spent during that time the sum of \$4,000 in repairs and additions to the building, rooms, and gymnastic apparatus. The semi-annual statement of November, 1885, showed a surplus in the bank of \$8,000, and a club-house free from debt and valued at \$30,000, this surplus being employed the next spring in purchasing the adjoining house. The revenue for the year ending May, 1888, was, in round figures, \$14,000, and the expenditure, \$10,700, including \$2,000 spent in repairs and additions.

In addition to the five affiliated clubs, whose membership is open, there are six connected clubs, whose mem-

bership is limited to association members only. These clubs are: 1, the M. A. A. A. Dramatic Club; 2, Cinderella Club; 3, Fencing Club; 4, Hockey Club; 5, Baseball Club; and 6, Chess Club. The first two come under the control and are represented on the board by the Chairman of Entertainments, the Fencing Club by the Gymnasium Chairman, the next two by the Chairman of Out-Door Sports, and the last by the Club-room Chairman.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB every winter give several very excellent entertainments in the Gymnasium, a large and well-equipped stage being situated at one end of the hall. A small admittance fee is charged at these performances, and the hall is always well filled.

THE CINDERELLA is a social or dancing club and composed of about one hundred members. It is a source of much enjoyment, and two "At Homes" are held each winter. The apparatus is moved from the Gymnasium, the floor waxed, flowers and flags cover the stage and walls, the former wearing the appearance of a conservatory. The club-rooms are transformed into dressing and supper rooms, and an efficient orchestra supplies the music for dancing, which commences shortly after eight o'clock and ends at twelve—the club, like its namesake of old, retiring as the midnight bell is sounding from the Cathedral spire. This club offers the members an opportunity of giving their lady friends and relatives an active interest in the club-house.

THE HOCKEY AND BASEBALL CLUBS are for out-door sport, and although the active membership of each is small, the members of the association usually turn out in goodly numbers to witness and encourage the boys. THE FENCING CLUB occupies the ground floor in the new addition which was fitted up expressly for fencing and boxing, and the CHESS CLUB, the reading and club rooms. This latter club is fully equipped with a number of inlaid chess and checker tables. Those of the club who enjoy a smoke play on the tables in the club room downstairs, for smoking is prohibited in the reading room up-stairs, but both places are usually found occupied by the devotees of the royal game. Tournaments are held every winter, and prizes given to the winners.

As already mentioned, to facilitate the management, the Association is divided into departments, each under the control of one of the board of directors, who is styled the chairman. These divisions are: The Gymnasium, Reading and Club Room, Bowling, Shooting and Billiard Room, Field Sports, Entertainments, Grounds and Property and Building.

THE GYMNASIUM.—This department is now quite a successful and interesting feature of the association, and proving of much benefit and attraction to the members. A large, square hall, well lighted, with a high and lofty ceiling, and furnished with all the latest and necessary apparatus, including the usual parallel and horizontal bars, swings, trapezes, ladders, barbells, dumbbells, a German horse for vaulting, bicycle trainer, &c. It has also the "pulley weight," or "Harvard system," for those who do not care to join in the regular evening classes. The privilege of an examination by a medical member of the association, either in connection with this pulley-weight system or a preliminary to general work, is allowed to the members, many of whom desiring a less severe course than is offered in the classes, value this system very highly. The classes, in the winter, meet tri-weekly, under the superintendence of an efficient and popular instructor, who has each winter, a roll of pupils, averaging 160, that are a credit to his instruction and to the association. One end of the gymnasium hall has been fitted up with a stage, equipped with a variety of scenery and all the necessary appointments of many a more pretentious place. At each side of the stage are situated dressing-rooms, carpeted and mirrored, and furnished with rows of numbered lockers for the use of members of the gymnasium class. The stage is in request for dramatic performances, snow-shoe, minstrel and other club concerts (for the M. A. A. A. has talent in that line of first class order), annual meetings of the clubs, presentation of prizes and other public club events. The gymnastic apparatus is taken down and put aside in the dressing-rooms and replaced by 500 chairs, the hall being capable of holding about 700, and can accommodate handily 200 dancers at the Cinderella Club's "At Homes." On the same floor as the gymnasium are situated the large double rooms known as the "CLUB ROOMS." These are used for the weekly meetings of the clubs, each one having an evening allotted to them, at which all club business is duly transacted and recorded, and confirmed at the succeeding meeting. Arm-chairs, lounges, tables, desks, &c., are supplied for the comfort of the members. Rep curtains ornament the room, and a piano, which comes into play very frequently on the gymnasium stage, gives amusement to the musically inclined. The walls are embellished with many valuable pictures and photographs of the affiliated clubs and club teams, as well as friendly rival associations. The leading daily papers of Montreal and Toronto are here to be found on file, as well as some of the prominent American dailies. In the basement are situated the billiard room, bowling alleys and shooting gallery. The billiard room has 12 tables, 10 of them for the devotees of three and four ball billiards, the other two being pool tables, one English and one American. Raised seats occupy the sides of the room, pictures and photographs adorn the walls, and the room is as comfortable as possible. No liquors are allowed in the building, so that the evil concomitant of all public billiard rooms is here absent, and parents are thus assured that their sons will acquire no drinking habits in the M. A. A. A. The bowling department has two alleys, and is also much



patronized. The shooting gallery is a long iron and wooden shaft or tunnel, running the length of the building. At the end, paper targets are fastened to wooden blocks set endwise to receive the bullets.

THE READING ROOM is situated on the floor above the Club Room. Forty weeklies, twenty monthlies and a number of quarterlies occupy the tables, besides the dailies in the club-room down-stairs—in all about eighty publications, including all the sporting papers and magazines of the day. The room is tastefully decorated, furnished and carpeted. The walls are hung with large framed photographs of past presidents of the clubs and other prominent athletic members, and has been dubbed the "Members Gallery."

The roll of membership is quite an imposing affair, over 1,400 are full members of the association, and including those who may be members only of some one of the individual clubs, it foots up close to 2,000 names. This membership consists of the members of the affiliated clubs, who pay an annual fee of ten dollars, which sum gives the subscriber full privileges in each and all of the clubs and in all departments of the club-house, and free entrance to all games of each club and association. Those joining only one of the clubs have only the privileges of and voice in the affairs of that club. Members who pay ten consecutive years to each club, or twelve to the association, are entitled to have their names placed on the roll as life members, and are free from annual dues. The ladies are not neglected, for a member's wife, sister or daughter can obtain membership and be entitled to attend all out-door exhibitions of the various clubs on payment of two dollars annually. The brilliant records of the members of the association and its affiliated clubs are good proofs of its athletic success. The M. A. A. A. holds the flat race Canadian championship for a quarter, a half and one mile—the snow-shoe championship, and the cross-country steeple-chase championship of the Dominion. The Montreal Lacrosse Club held the world's championship for two consecutive years, 1885 and 1886; the Montreal Football Club, the Rugby championship of the Dominion for also two consecutive years. The influence of the M. A. A. A. is far-reaching, many of the members of other athletic clubs owing it allegiance. The principal members of the various suburban rowing clubs, and the Lachine crew, the champion amateur four-oared crew of the Dominion, are members. The leading members of the St. George Snow-shoe Club (the friendly rival of the Montreal S.S. Club), and the Britannia Football Club (the well-matched and doughty antagonist of the Montreal Football Club) are attached to the M. A. A. A. by membership. The Montreal Yacht Club, St. Louis Canoe Club, and the Montreal Hunt Club have many members whose names are on the roll of the M. A. A. A. In the same way also many of the other snow-shoe, tobogganing, hockey and curling clubs are also connected. Thus it can be seen how great an indirect interest the association has in all athletics in the city of Montreal and neighborhood, and how her sons who may remove to other parts of the country try to follow in her footsteps, making the assertion correct that the M. A. A. A. is the backbone of sport and athletics.

The handsome club-house erected by the ATHLETIC CLUB-HOUSE COMPANY of Cote des Neiges, three miles from Montreal, though not incorporated with the M. A. A. A., is really an outcome of it, and was the conception and is governed principally by members of the Montreal Snow-shoe Club. It is handsomely furnished and appointed, with large and capacious rooms, the main hall alone being capable of accommodating nearly one thousand persons, as has been tested by the Montreal S.S. Club at its "Ladies' Nights" meetings. It is the objective point of the weekly tramps of the Montreal and other snow-shoe clubs, and as a rendezvous for them cannot be surpassed. Liquor is strictly prohibited in the building, the stock being subscribed and the building erected with this special object in view. The moral influences of the M. A. A. A. are very considerable. Honour and fair play are inculcated, gambling or strong drink not tolerated on its premises or grounds: to prevent any chance of the former, cards were prohibited, its founders considering there were enough means of amusement otherwise. Pure amateur sport of all kinds is encouraged, and anything tending to professionalism or hippodroming strongly opposed. A loyal feeling for everything Canadian and national is engendered, and in fact, no more healthy and strong moral organization exists for young men anywhere. Among the early names on the records of the Snow-shoe and Lacrosse clubs, there is one that will always remain in faithful remembrance, Nicholas H. Hughes, "Evergreen Hughes," as he was affectionately called, the hero athlete of our younger days, one of the founders and for many years the president of both clubs, and later their honorary president, who did perhaps more in his time than any other man to encourage genuine sport, and advance the interests of the old clubs he loved so well. Even when three-score years had passed over his head it was as much as the best runners could do to keep up to the tall, sinewy form of the old *raquetteur* on a snow-shoe tramp across country. He was very much interested in the success of the association and lived to see the first year of its existence. To Mr. Angus Grant, the now honorary president of the Snow-shoe Club, and who may justly be called "Evergreen the Second," is due the first conception which led to the amalgamation of the different clubs. For a long time he stood alone in the belief that such an organization could succeed, and has given it much time and attention. He has been connected with the Lacrosse and Snow-shoe clubs since 1866-67, and president of both clubs, and also of the association.

Hugh Wylie Becket has been a member of the Lacrosse and Snow-shoe clubs since 1869, and was the successor of Dr. Geo. W. Beers as goal-keeper for the Lacrosse Club, where he earned the soubriquet of "Stonewall Becket." For eleven years he was treasurer of that club, and president for two years. In the Snow-shoe club he also held office a number of years, and is its historian, publishing a history and record of snow-shoeing of much value to all interested in that sport. As secretary to the old Montreal Gymnasium, he did valuable service in assisting in its transfer to the association, and shares with Mr. Grant the honour of actively promoting its formation, and for some years was on the board of directors and chairman of out-door sports.

W. L. MALTHEY, the President of the M. A. A. A., now in his second term of office, has been in almost continuous office for 20 years, a member of the Lacrosse Club since 1861, and of the Snow-shoe club since 1865, has held the Presidency of both clubs, was a well-known athlete in his day. As a lacrosse player, his fame extended wherever lacrosse was known; as a runner, he defeated the Indians on snow-shoes several times in the half-mile, one mile and two miles, earning the title from them of the "White Deer," from running always in white; as a foot racer, carried the championship for one mile and two miles for three years, also for 7-mile walk. Retired from active athletics in the year 1878, his last game of lacrosse being at the opening of the Shamrock grounds, when the Montreals won four straight games. He has given much time and attention to the association and still retains his interest on the board as president and chairman of the Committee on Property and Building, wherein his services and experience are of much value to the directors.

A. W. Stevenson was the first president of the association, holding that office the full limit of the term (which is restricted to two years). He has also been president of the Lacrosse Club, and at present holds the same position in the Snow-shoe Club. His interest in sport and business experience has been of value on the board.

Robt. Lloyd has been secretary since March, 1886, succeeding Horace Tibbs. By his untiring efforts, he has kept up the standard of the club and works hard for all its schemes. Although Mr. Lloyd does not devote himself to any particular sport at present, he is a good all-round man, and was well known in England as a short distance runner.

A SUCCESSFUL DEER HUNT.—Our picture represents that enthusiastic sportsman, Major Short, "B" Battery, and the victims to his unerring aim during a six days hunt on the grounds of John Tuples, Esq., about sixty miles from Renfrew. The Major, with three others, secured fifteen deer in the six days, three with the aid of dogs before the snow fell, and the remainder without dogs, after a fair chase. The wolves chased the deer near the settlements, which they will not themselves approach, and the whole fifteen were got within a belt of about seven miles.

THE TORONTO CANOE CLUB was formed in 1883 with a membership of about 40 or 50 members. Energy and push have made this Club one of the most widely known in the Canadian Association. Since their inauguration they have put up a club house at the cost of some thousand dollars, and have run up their membership roll to 100. Their annual cruises form a subject of much interest, and the members to a man take part. Their enterprising President, Mr. Neilson, and their spirited "Vice," Mr. J. L. Kerr, form good leaders and genial companions. The engravings are from plates taken by one of the members, during last summer's cruise.

FULL SPEED.—This picture may be called a sample of female athletics, and thus deserving a place in this number devoted to the clubs of manly sports. It is a remarkably pleasant example of grouping, and all the surroundings thereof, with the main figures, wear a refreshing look. The work is distinctively American, the two girls being arrayed in that perfect garb which makes American women the models of dress, in travel by land and water.

READY FOR A WALK.—Here is a case of female exercise. The lady is ready for a walk, and there is a self-asserting air about the broad-brimmed, towering hat which means that the wearer is going to enjoy herself.

"THE SCARLET LETTER."—Good out of evil found a pretty illustration in the case of Hawthorne's removal from office. He was crushed by the blow, and staggered to his humble home full of bitter disappointment. No one knew him then as one of our greatest—yes, the world's greatest—men of genius. His wife quietly left the room, says Conway, then came back with an armful of wood, kindled a cheerful fire, drew his chair up to his desk, brought papers, pens and ink, and then turning to him, with a beaming face, said, "Now you can write your book." The result was the "Scarlet Letter," and such fame as no novelist in America before or since has attained. It was all due to his noble wife. Had she repined and added to his burden, the world would never have known Hawthorne.

## HERE AND THERE.

BOOK WORM.—The man who turns book leaves with a wet finger may pause from fear of microbes. The authorities at Dresden have been investigating the question whether circulating libraries are a medium for the spread of infectious diseases. They rubbed the dirtiest leaves of the books, first with a dry finger and then with a wet, microscopically examining the product in each case. In the first case, scarcely any microbes were found on the finger; in the second case, plenty! Though all these appeared to be of non-infectious character, they are filthy.

A MODEST EPITAPH.—The epitaph which Miss Berry, the friend and correspondent of Horace Walpole, wrote on herself when she was a little over thirty makes "pretty reading," and is worth preserving:—

Beneath this stone is deposited  
The dust of one whom  
Remarkable personal beauty,  
Considerable superiority of intellect,  
Singular quickness of the senses,  
And the noblest endowments of the heart,  
Neither distinguished, served, nor  
Rendered happy.  
She was  
Admired and neglected,  
Beloved and mistaken,  
Respected and insignificant.  
She endured years of a useless existence,  
Of which the happiest moment was that  
In which her spirit returned to the bosom  
Of the Almighty and Merciful  
Creator.

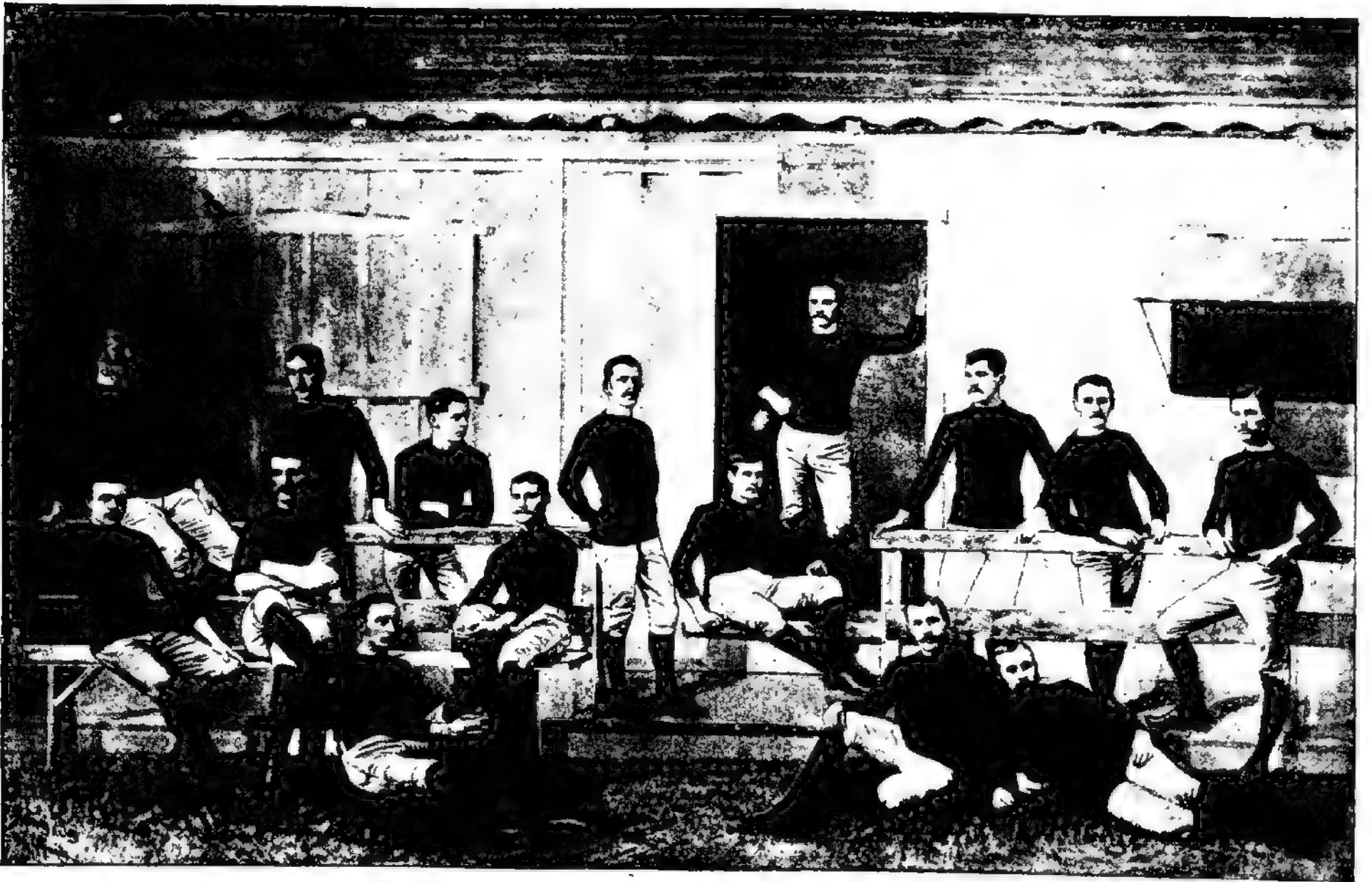
The assumption of remarkable personal beauty in this singular epitaph is one of the things not borne out by contemporary evidence.

A PUBLISHER'S PRAYER.—Oliver Ditson, the veteran music publisher, of Boston, who has just died, was a genial, kind-hearted man, and always ready to respond to any demand upon him by his friends. A story used to be told how he once came to grief in this way by undertaking to say grace at the table of a country friend, when, after struggling through the body of the prayer with considerable success, he could not for the life of him remember how to end it, and in desperation finally concluded it, "Respectfully yours, O. Ditson."

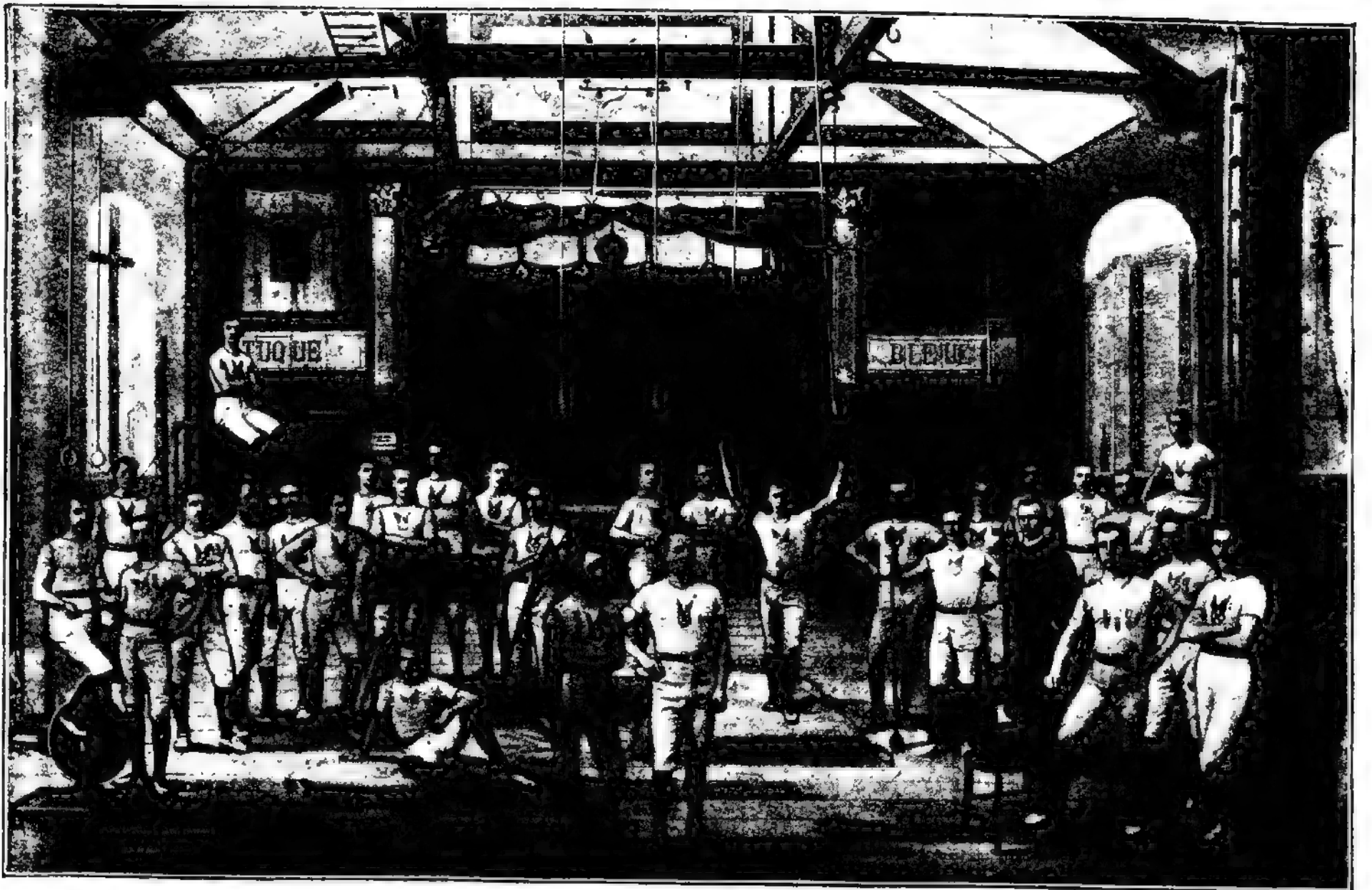
UNDERGROUND ROME.—It is impossible to turn up in Rome a handful of earth without coming upon some unexpected archaeological treasure. Since 1872 the following were stored in the Capitol: 705 amphoræ with important inscriptions, 2,360 terra cotta lamps, 1,824 inscriptions engraved on marble or stone, 77 columns of rare marble, 313 pieces of columns, 157 marble capitals, 118 bases, 590 works of art in terra cotta, 405 works of art in bronze, 711 gems, intaglios, cameos, 18 marble sarcophagi, 152 bas-reliefs, 192 marble statues, 21 marble figures of animals, 266 busts and heads, 54 pictures in polychrome mosaic, 47 objects of gold, 39 of silver. 86,679 coins of gold, silver and bronze, and an almost incredible amount of smaller relics in terra cotta, bone, glass, enamel, lead, ivory and stucco.

A SECRET OF HEALTH.—The Pope, not the most robust of men, attributes his excellent health, for a man of his age, to the extreme method and regularity with which he has lived for the past twenty years. He eats always at the same hours, and always adheres to the same regimen. Light soup, or *consommato*, is the form of nutrition which suits him best, and he has a plate of it served to him four times a day—at ten in the morning, at one o'clock with his luncheon (which invariably consists of a single course of meat and dessert), at six, and at half-past ten. He takes a glass or two of Bordeaux with his principal meal, but never touches any other wine.

BANANAS.—Bananas are delicious for tea. Slice them, but not too thin. Scatter powdered sugar on them, and before it dissolves squeeze the juice of several lemons on them also; or oranges may be cut up and mixed with them, or they may be served with sugar and cream alone. They make a popular desert with whipped cream, sweetened and flavoured with vanilla, poured over them.



THE MONTREAL FOOT-BALL CLUB.

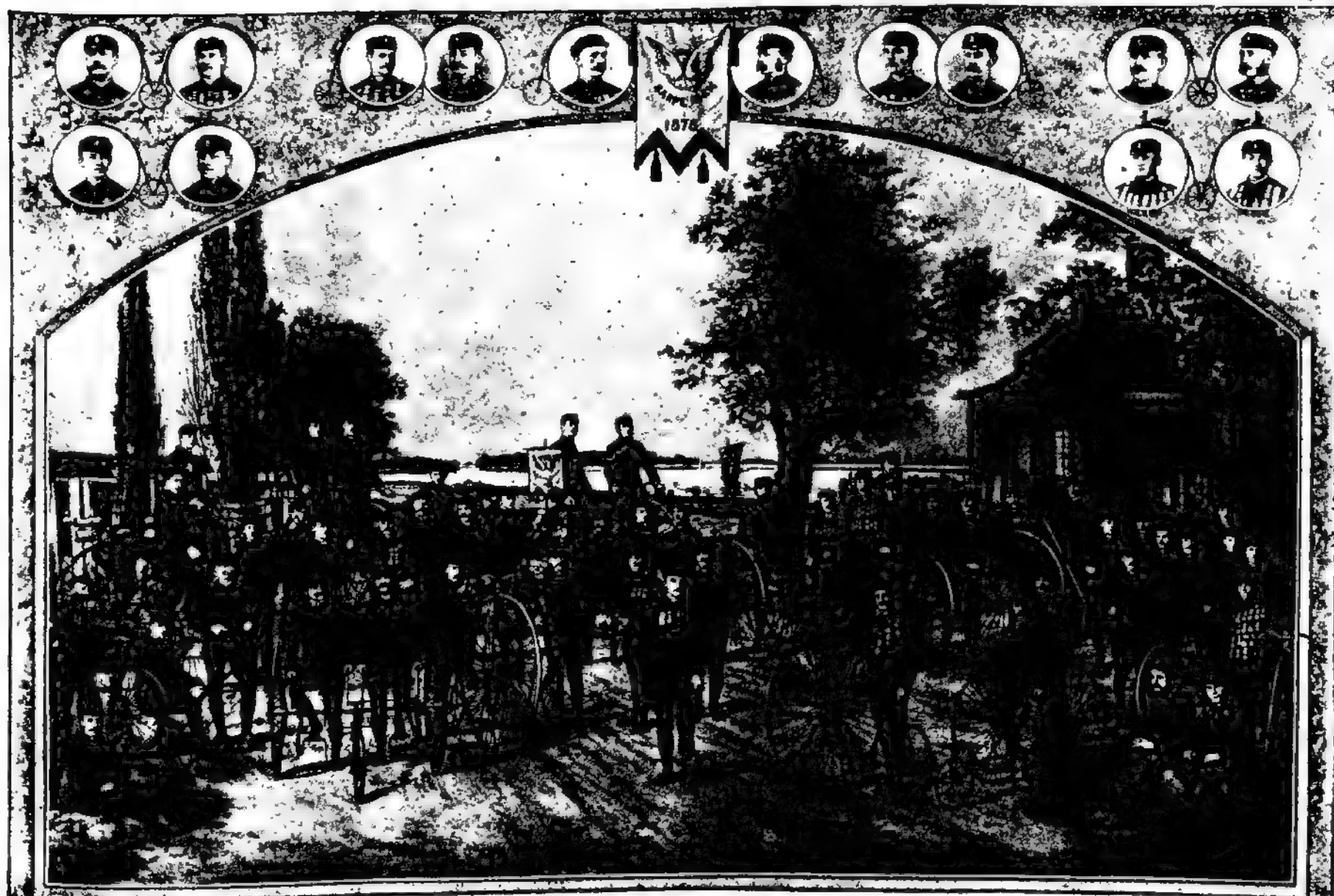


THE M. A. A. GYMNASIUM, MANSFIELD STREET.





THE ATHLETIC CLUB HOUSE, CÔTE-DES-NEIGES.



THE MONTREAL BICYCLE CLUB.

## The Lady in Muslin.

"You may fancy things look queerly still," he added, in a postscript, "but fortunately your disposition is not over-fraught with curiosity; besides, I can endure this no longer."

These sentences were perfectly intelligible to me; I translated them—"The secret, recollect, must remain a secret, and I invite you to respect it. I have endeavoured to keep it and myself from all eyes; but I am dying of ennui, and I prefer your curiosity to enduring such longer."

At breakfast I told Brown that Gaunt was very seriously indisposed, and that I must hasten to him without delay. The naturalist looked a little aghast at being left so suddenly to solitude; but "friendship's demands," I remarked to him, "were inexorable." And so I packed my portmanteau in an hour, and in the afternoon was safely landed at Portsmouth.

### IV.

#### THE LADY AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

Dick had not been truthful in telling me he was going to Norfolk.

The little village B—, from which his letter was dated, lies just on the borders of Berkshire, and his choosing such a secluded, and I may say unreasonable place, considering his age, to pass the pleasant August days, passed my comprehension, and was to be set beside the other little eccentricities that had suddenly shown themselves in his conduct.

Pleasantly we steamed through green fields, and golden wheat, in the afternoon sunshine. The country looked fresh and summery after the rain, and as I lay back in my soft seat (I always travel first class in my vacation time) I looked out of either window with a benign satisfaction on all created things.

I descended from the carriage at B— in this state of mind; so benign, indeed, that, though my portmanteau was nowhere to be found, and it was hinted that possibly it still remained on the Portsmouth platform, I used no bad language, and merely mildly suggested telegraphing at once to town, that it might be forwarded by the next train.

While all the guards and officials were fussing about, I strolled into the waiting-room, which—as the station was intended much more to the use of passengers to —, a town lying a little out of the line of rail, than for the village from which it took its name—was large and well fitted. A few persons were collected there, awaiting the next train, and I soon became an object of attention, from my constant interviews with not only common guards, but the station-master himself, concerning the lost luggage.

Such notoriety was in no wise distressing to my vanity, and I felt rather pleased and soothed by the evident sympathy my situation attracted from a mamma and her three fair daughters. Indeed, I ventured to address a few remarks, under the circumstances, to the old lady; and then one of the fair girls joined in her observations with such *naïve* grace, that I was on the point of falling into Dick's weakness, when a tall lady, in a profusion of soft muslin drapery, whether mantle, shawl, dress or petticoats, I don't pretend to say, came and stood on the threshold and prevented the catastrophe. She stood as if she came merely to have a look at us all, and her eyes travelled round the room from one to another, not in the least dismayed by the glances, male and female, that met her in return.

Hers was not a face to be easily forgotten when once; still it was not one among a crowd to draw attention. The expression struck me much more than the colour of the eyes, or shape of the features. There was a look of impatient suffering on it, a look as if she were labouring under some trouble which galled her perpetually, and which she defied. This expression took away from the youth of the face; it cast a harshness over otherwise soft features; and it seemed to harmonize with the careless, but not daring boldness with which she stood half-poised on the ledge of the threshold looking round on us all. Still, judging

by the dark eyes, and fair, but "mate" skin, I should have supposed her an English brunette. I was gazing like everybody else, when some one asked me "to be good enough to step this way." Now, to step this way, necessitated my dislodging the fair spectator from her doorway. I approached, politely bowed, muttered a smiling "Allow me:" my pleasantness was all lost on the lady. She neither smiled, bowed, nor even looked at me, merely crushing her soft muslin garments back, so as to afford me about a foot's space to get through, she maintained her position, and never even turned her head. There was nothing absolutely unpleasant in being forced into such close contact with a young, pretty woman, who seemed to exhale a soft sweet fragrance, as naturally as a rose or a violet; but at the same time I felt annoyed at her rudeness; and it was with anything but grief I heard a slight crunch, as I passed, and feeling an impediment, discovered that the travelling bag I wore slung under my arm, had caught in the muslin, and was carrying off a yard or so of it.

The lady turned.

"A thousand pardons," I exclaimed, lifting my hat, "but really——"

"It was my own fault; I should have got out of the way," she answered, quietly; and, gathering up the torn dress carelessly on her arm, she did condescend to return my bow, but so unsmilingly and unconcernedly, that in haughty displeasure I hurried off, and probably would never have seen her again, when to my surprise a voice called "Mr. Owen," and Cecile came bounding along, her black curls flying in the wind, her hat in her hand instead of on her head, while Brunlo, Dick's favourite retriever, followed barking at her heels.

Such an arrival naturally drew attention. Cecile dashed through the waiting-room, and, before any one could stop her, had followed me to the other side of the railway.

On my return, I held my small companion by the hand, and I was amused to observe the half-disappointed looks of the three fair daughters. I heard one whisper with a slight inclination of her head, "Married."

"Well, Cecile," I said, in a distinct tone, "and how is godpapa Gaunt to-day? Can he get up?"

I saw people were listening, and I grew paternal. We had quite a romp in the middle of the station, Cecile, Bruno and I. It lasted till the station-master came to me, for the last time, to give me certain assurance that, in an hour's time, my portmanteau should be safely delivered at the White Horse Inn, where Gaunt was staying.

Then I prepared to go, and then I noticed the lady in the doorway had entered the room and was gazing intently at Cecile, then at me, and was listening to all we said. Directly she perceived that she had attracted my attention, she moved carelessly away, and returned to the door.

She did not stand in the way of my egress this time, however, and, as I passed her with Cecile at my side, she returned my courteous salutation with one equally courteous, while her dark eyes glanced up at me with a look too eager to be coquettish, though too free and unembarrassed to be exactly pleasing.

### V.

#### THE COTTAGE, THAT WOULDN'T LET, LET AT LAST.

I found Gaunt in a state bordering on mental madness.

He had been at H— ever since his departure from London, with Cecile and Brunlo as his only companions, and nearly the whole of that time he had been confined to the sofa by a badly tended sprained ankle. I was not surprised, therefore, knowing my friend's active, unlitary disposition, to find him, under such circumstances, very irritable and raspy in temper, and most heartily warm in his reception of me.

The place, he informed me, was secluded and picturesque, and, he obstinately maintained, highly enjoyable, with both legs in a go-able condition; he told me the angling was excellent, the great attraction, indeed, of the place, and the cause of his choosing it for his holiday retreat, it being a favourite amusement of his.

I soothingly acquiesced in all his remarks, though I knew they were about as true as his journey to Norfolk; and though still Cecile played in and out of the room all the evening, and insisted upon serving us with coffee with her small busy hands, I accepted her presence as the most natural occurrence in the world, and never once hinted to Dick that he need not load his soul with untruths, for it was impossible to hide from me that Cecile and seclusion were the only attractions that H— possessed in his eyes.

I made my own survey of the place the next day, and the only agreeable feature in it that I could discover, with the exception of its picturesqueness, was its proximity to —. If driven to extremities, I comforted myself, it would be possible occasionally to seek amusement there from something more lively than trees and streams.

Time did not fly at H—; there was a good deal of sameness in its mornings, noons, and nights; but it was not an unpleasant sameness.

It was not unpleasant to come down day after day to the old-fashioned, oak-panelled room, with its deep windows opening on to a very rustic wooden verandah, up which came roses and jessamine, to breathe their country fragrance over the breakfast table.

It was not disagreeable either to see the marks of Cecile's childish but still female fingers in the fantastic arrangement of flowers and leaves thereon. And, in spite of the embarrassment and restraint her presence occasionally caused to young men of our age, it was not unpleasant to see her slight figure come bounding in from the garden, as happy as a bird, and almost as swift, and take her place at the head of the breakfast table, with the grace of an experienced tea-maker.

In the hot noon, the old garden and orchard were shady places to read or lounge, and, after one or two attempts, I found it was quite possible to pass three or four hours, fishing-rod in hand, wandering along the banks of the river.

Dick was still very much on the sofa: his sprain had been so badly tended from the commencement, that it required great care, and our invalid gave Cecile and myself abundance of in-door work. Poor Gaunt was very much like a chafed, chained giant: his strength was a burden to him. Even as he rested on the sofa, I hourly expected one of his impatient moves of the healthy leg to bring the machine to pieces.

In his misery, he had called two of the most celebrated surgeons from London, but even they could only prescribe "Rest." In vain I read to him, talked to him, reasoned with and lectured him; he went to sleep over my readings, and railed at my philosophy.

I was on the point of suggesting to his medical attendant the advisability of bleeding him, as the only means of rendering him manageable, when an event occurred which made all our lives more endurable.

As an attempted boundary to the garden of the inn, ran a low, very dilapidated paling, which, however, soon gave up its duty of separation to a deep, swift, but narrow rivulet, that came rushing along, with almost the force of a mountain stream, from under the dark, thick bushes and trees of a neighbouring wood. Where this tiny river took its source had often puzzled me, and more than one idle hour I had given to attempts at finding it out. All I knew positively was, that in various parts of the rather extensive and thick wood around, I had caught sight of its shining, foaming water, now deep down almost lost to view in the ferns, yellow brooms and dark shrubs that grew so thickly overhanging its narrow bed, now dashing boldly and sparkling in the sunshine. The wood was too thick and entangled to allow me to trace its course, till it came rushing out, at the end of our orchard, as I said before, to assist the palings to form a boundary, and separate it from the neglected, weedy garden that belonged to the cottage, that wouldn't let, on the other side.

The chalet that wouldn't let, as the neighbouring villa was invariably called, was a small cottage-kind of building, evidently the whim of some person of taste, who, finding afterwards, probably, that to introduce foreign styles of habitation with



comfort, it is necessary to introduce foreign climates also, had left the pretty-looking wooden summer-house in disgust.

To my mind, there was nothing very extraordinary in the difficulty of finding a tenant for it: the thin walls, uncarpeted floors, and strictly foreign style of furniture, seemed, even in the August days, so unsuitable to the English scene all around, the English air, and English sunshine, that our landlady's mysterious story of the late tenant dying there quite sudden, and unexplicable like, 'and is said to walk, sir,' seemed to me utterly superfluous, to account for its neglected condition.

From our verandah we saw distinctly all over the garden on the other side of the stream, and even into the cottage itself; and with true English unsociability and shyness, we used to congratulate ourselves that such a near neighbour wouldn't let, and that we had no prying eyes to watch our doings.

I was considerably surprised, therefore, one morning, as I was wandering along the banks of the stream, to see the shutters of the cottage all open, and a female figure standing in the verandah, apparently directing the operations of a dark-coloured man, clad in an Indian fashion, wearing a turban on his head, who kept going in and out of the house, with as much bustle as an Eastern can manage to put into his grave, dignified movements.

I stood watching them, with considerable interest; for there was something in the careless, but graceful carriage of the lady, that seemed not utterly strange to me; and I waited to catch a glimpse of her face, to assure myself that she was the same person who, at the railway station, had attracted my attention by her peculiar behaviour.

(To be continued.)

### THE POET'S RAPTURE.

The following notes were sent to the editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, in the shape of a letter, but he would rather publish them in the form of a didactic paper, which they are, and, as such, if the reader will glance at the signature, he will see at once that he is in for a treat:—

#### I.

I read your article on "The Poet's Rapture" in No. 25 of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED with much interest. If you will bear with me, I will jot down a few extracts from the works of poets and prose writers, consisting of imaginings or reflections more or less kindred to those which you reproduced from the Laureate's letter and "In Memoriam."

The most remarkable of these is the "Invocation," which concludes the introduction to Browning's poem, "The Ring and the Book." It begins with the words addressed to his dead wife:

O lyric love, half angel and half bird,  
And all a wonder and a wild desire,

and then, after a tribute to her genius and influence on his own poetic development, he asks: "Can thy soul know change?" and then continues:

Hail then, and hearken from the realms of help,  
Never may I commence my song, my due  
To God, who best taught song by gift of thee,  
Except with bent head and beseeching hand,  
That still, despite the distance and the dark,  
What was again may be; some interchange of grace,  
Some splendour, once thy very thought,  
Some benediction, anciently thy smile;—  
Never conclude, but raising hand and head  
Thither where eyes that cannot reach, yet yearn  
For all hope, all sustinment, all reward,  
Their utmost up and on—so blessing back  
In those thy realms of help, that heaven thy home,  
Some whiteness which, I judge, thy face makes proud,  
Some wanness where, I think, thy foot may fall.

These closing lines are obscure, but the meaning is that, as in her lifetime, so still, in spite of death's parting, he never begins to write without seeking the prized inspiring presence and aid, nor closes without thanks and blessing for the boon. The two last lines express that sense of half vision, half reality, to which Tennyson refers

in his indescribable experience—the "whiteness" and the "wanness" being the faint and outward signs of what to his yearning love is a very real and happy presence.

The often quoted stanzas in Longfellow's "Footsteps of Angels" are less mystical and much clearer:

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door;  
The beloved, the true-hearted  
Come to visit me once more.

\* \* \* \* \*

And with them the Being Beauteous  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me  
And is now a saint in heaven.

\* \* \* \* \*

Uttered not, yet comprehended  
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,  
Soft rebukes in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

The following passage occurs in Southey's ode to the memory of Bishop Heber:

Heber, thou art not dead, thou can'st not die!  
Nor can I think of thee as lost,  
A little portion of this little isle  
At first divided us; then half the globe;  
The same earth held us still; but when,  
O Reginald, wert thou so near as now?  
'Tis but the falling of a withered leaf,  
The breaking of a shell,  
The rending of a veil!

#### II.

My next mystical quotation is from some meditations penned by Buckle, the historian, after his mother's death:

"There, where we have garnered up our hearts, and where our treasure is, thieves break in and steal. Methinks that, in that moment of desolation, the best of us would succumb, but for the deep conviction that all is not really over; that we have as yet seen only a part, and that something remains behind. Something behind; something which the eye of reason cannot discern, but on which the eye of affection is fixed. What is that which, passing over us like a shadow, strains the aching vision as we gaze at it? Whence comes that sense of mysterious companionship in the midst of solitude—that ineffable feeling which cheers the afflicted? Why is it that, at these times, our minds are thrown back on themselves, and, being so thrown, have a forecast of another and a higher state? . . . So surely as we lose what we love, so surely does hope mingle with grief."

In his "Ode to a Nightingale," Keats exclaims:

O for a beaker full of the warm South  
That I might drink and leave the world unseen,  
And with thee fade away into the forest dim;  
Fade far away, dissolve and quite forget  
What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
The weariness, the fever and the fret  
Here where men sit and hear each other groan.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
In such an ecstasy!

\* \* \* \* \*

Was it a vision, or a waking dream?  
Fled is that music? do I wake or sleep?

Again, in the "Elegy on Thyrsa," Byron takes comfort from the spiritual presence of his beloved:

The all of thine that cannot die  
Through dark and dread eternity  
Returns again to me.

Wordsworth closes that sublime poem, the "Ode on Intimations of Mortality from Recollections of Early Childhood," with this solacing assurance:

Hence, in a season of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither;  
Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

In "Festus," once so popular, there are many passages that touch on spiritual personality and communion. Here is one such passage:

Festus. It is hard to deem that spirits cease, that thought  
And feeling flesh-like perish in the dust.  
Shall we know these again in a future state  
Whom we have known and loved on earth? Say yes!

Lucifer. The mind bath features as the body bath.

Festus. But is it mind that shall re-rise?

Lucifer. Man were  
Not man without the mind he had in life.

In the following lines there is some analogy to that vague sense of spiritual freedom and expansion of which Tennyson speaks:

Festus. Hail, beauteous earth! Gazing over thee, I all  
Forget the bounds of being; and I long  
To fill thee, as a lover pines to blend  
Soul, passion, yea existence, with the fair  
Creature he calls his own.

A like notion of the gain in mental power, through complete deliverance from the trammels of the body, is found abundantly in the "Phaedo" of Plato. The Vision or Dream of Scipio in Cicero's "Republic" contains the same idea of spiritual emancipation and the consequent augmentation of the powers of even sight and hearing.

#### III.

The most extraordinary, however, of all recorded experiences of that kind is that which Swedenborg describes in his "Spiritual Diary." Writing in August, 1748, he gives the following account of the manifestations that transformed him from a philosopher to a theologian, and the founder of a new religious system:

"During several years not only had I dreams by which I was informed about the things on which I was writing, but I experienced also changes of state, there being a certain extraordinary light in what was written. Afterward I had many visions with closed eyes, and light was given me in a miraculous manner. There was also an influx of spirits, as manifest to the sense as if it had been into the senses of the body; there were infestations in various ways by spirits, when I was in temptations; and afterward, when writing anything to which the spirits had an aversion, I was almost possessed of them, so as to feel something like a tremour. Flaming lights were seen and conversations heard in the early mornings, besides many other things."

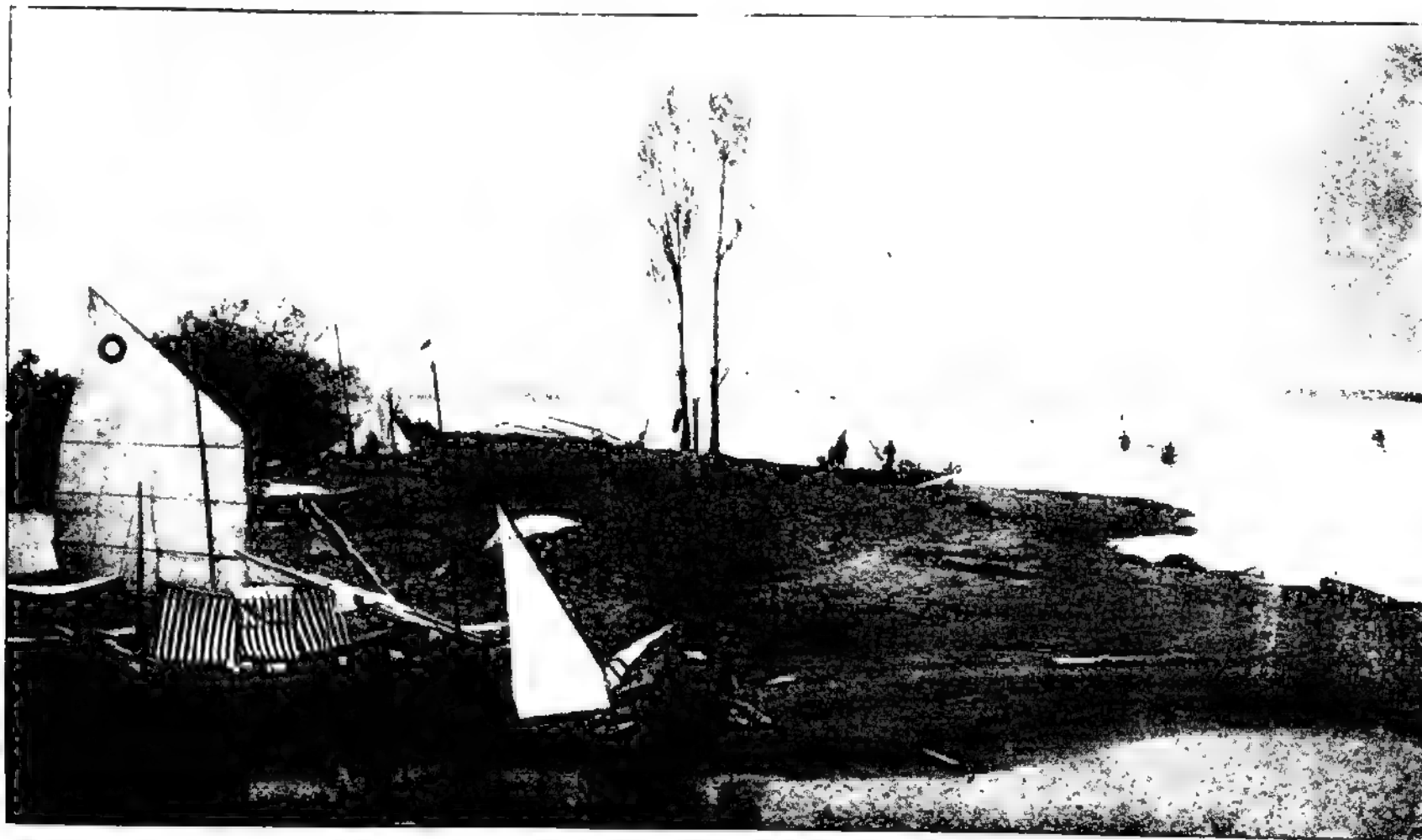
The strangest thing about these "revelations" was that in some of the writings of Swedenborg—his work on "The Animal Kingdom," for instance—material inaccuracies were detected by the author himself under the influence, as he claimed, of spiritual suggestion. Later research, comparing the subsequent editions containing Swedenborg's spontaneous corrections, with the early "uninspired" ones, showed that the revision was based on sound knowledge, from whatever source it was obtained. From that time forward he trusted implicitly to the promptings of his spiritual counsellor. According to Swedenborg's own evidence on the subject, his spiritual awakening was gradual. The revelations came first by way of dreams, then he had revelations with his eyes open, and finally he was endowed with the privilege of full and clear communication with the world of spirits.

\* \* \* \* \*

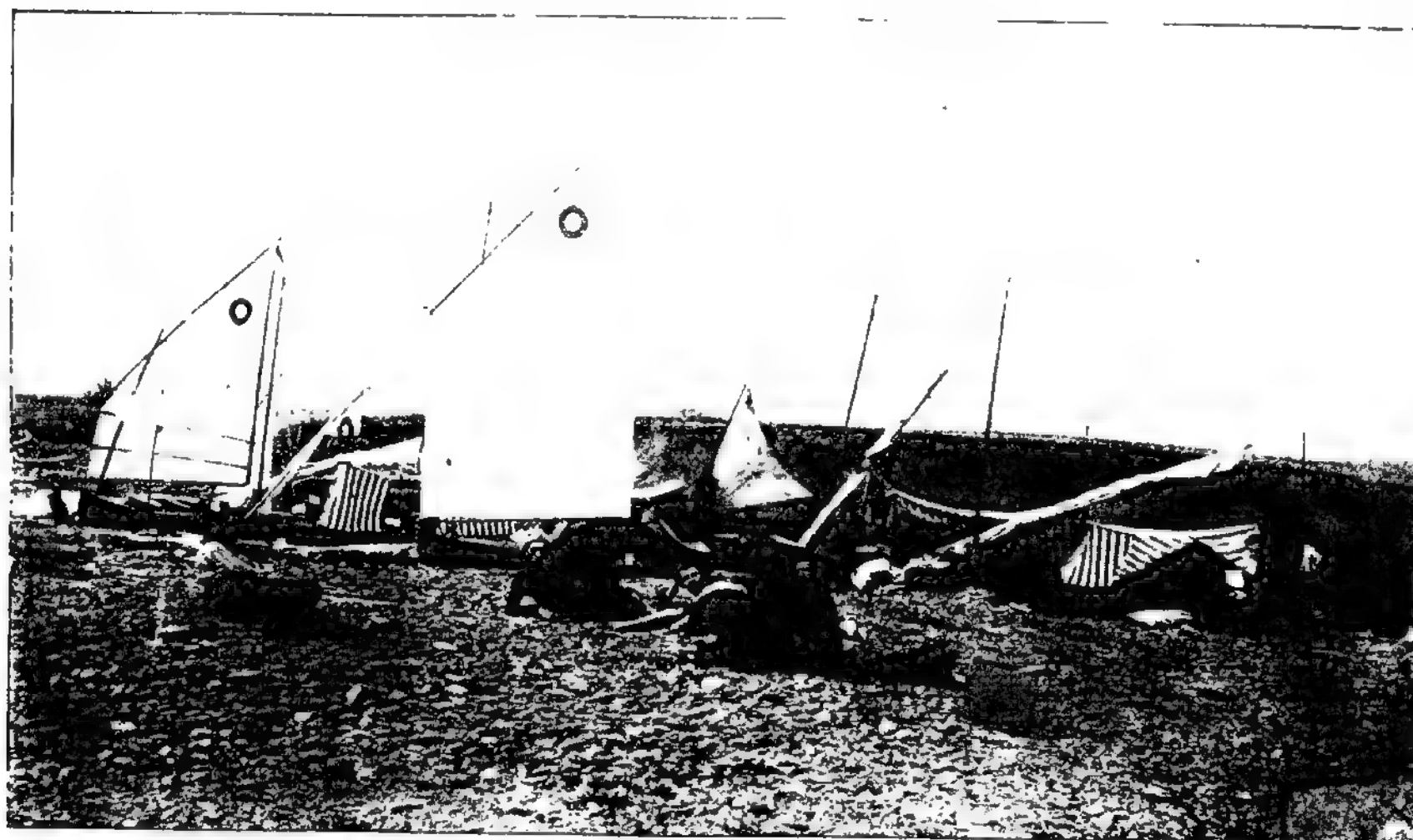
I had marked several other passages, both in prose and verse, bearing more or less closely on the same subject, in its relations to religion or to poetry, to philosophy or to science. The class of sensations to which Lord Tennyson's unutterable feeling belongs is treated with considerable fullness both by Mr. James Sully, in his book on "Illusions," and in Signor Vignoli's "Myth and Science." Of references to it in the poets, especially in association with profound sorrow, as in the case of Tennyson and Browning, the following note from De Quincey's "Suspiria de Profundis" may serve as, at least, a partial explanation: "Minds that are impassioned on a more colossal scale than ordinary, deeper in the vibrations, and more extensive in the scale of their vibrations, whether in other parts of their intellectual system, they had or had not a corresponding compass, will tremble to greater depths from a fearful convulsion, and will come round by a longer curve of undulations." Where the corresponding intellectual compass is also present, we may reasonably look for such exhibitions of deep emotion, in conformity with the prevailing bias of their thought, as the two great poets just mentioned have given us.

Montreal.

JOHN READE.

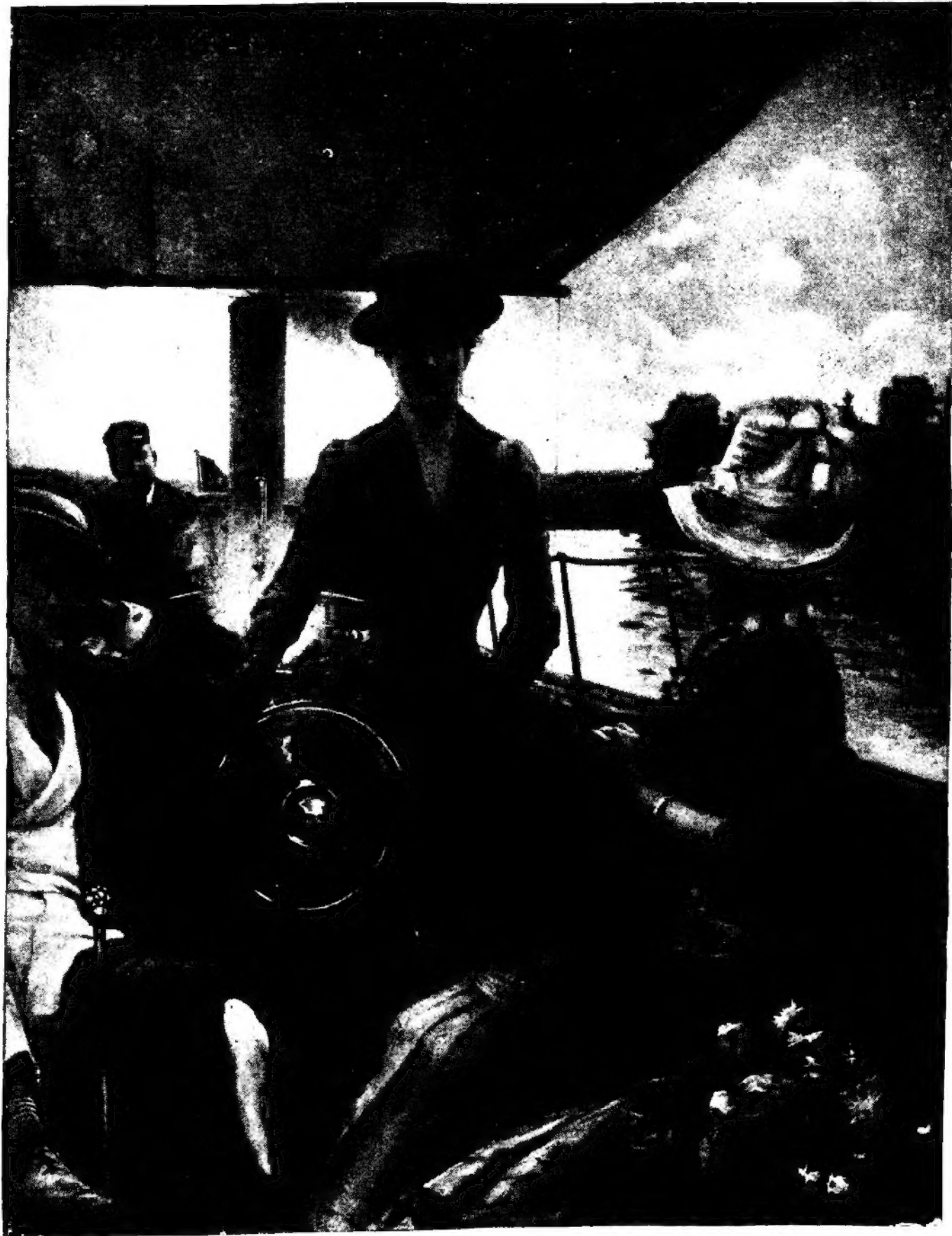


THE TORONTO CANOE CLUB.—MOUTH OF THE ELOBICOKE RIVER.



THE TORONTO CANOE CLUB.—AN AFTER DINNER REST.





FULL SPEED.

From the painting by Sargent.



**STEAMED OYSTERS.**—Set a covered dish where it will heat; wash and drain the oysters; put them in a shallow tin and place it in a steamer; cover and leave it over boiling water until the oysters are puffed and curled. They may be dressed at table when eaten, or butter, salt and pepper may be added in the kitchen when served in the heated dish.

**PATTI'S RED RIBBON.**—Why, has been asked, should Mme. Patti sell her musical vibrations for 5,000 francs a night in Paris, when she can get five times as much at Rio? The story is that she hopes to be rewarded by the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, and this was the great temptation that MM. Ritt, Gailhard and Gounod held out to her. The pretext for giving her the cross would be her singing in the grand Franco-Russian *fête* to be given shortly.

**PIETY AND BEAUTY.**—Ella Wheeler Wilcox says: "I once read a book in which the author claimed to have discovered the reason why so many beautiful faces were always to be found among the Sisters of Charity and the Nuns. He said it was in a great measure due to the daily habit of composing the features in the long hours of meditation and prayer. Unmarred by contending emotions, they were gradually moulded into harmonious outlines."

**THE CATOGAN.**—The "Catogan" is the coming style in hair now in vogue in Paris. This style is to rake the hair forward to the top of the head. It is caught and massed just in that part of the central parting where gentlemen generally begin to find their hair growing thin. The *raison d'être* of this style of hair-dressing is not far to seek. Woman, ambitious woman, is always trying to add a cubit to her stature. She did it once by high-heeled boots; anon she crowned herself with the prodigious hat, and now she is adopting the pile of hair.

**IN THE ATTIC.**—How many of us can look back to the garrets of our grandmothers, with their wonderful stores of things odd, quaint or of strange device. And with pleasure we remember the treasures found there. The garret was to us a romance for rainy days. But then the garret was large and roomy, with bare beams and rafters hung with cobwebs, with the boards of the floor loose, and the wonderful stores very much like those brought by the famous lamp of Aladdin. Now there is no longer any garret. It is the attic, if you please.

**EAST LONDON.**—The Bishop of Wakefield says: "I know the *Bitter Cry* told us the poor were getting poorer, the wretched more wretched, the wicked more wicked. Nothing can be more diametrically opposed to fact. Every available test contradicts such sensational and unfounded assertions. Yet things are bad enough still. There is a stratum of society which is horribly corrupt, and in which low, repulsive vice has its home. It could not be otherwise where so vast a mass of the least well-off, as well as of the least educated and least refined, are herded together so closely."

**ROMAN REDS.**—Roman reds are coming to the front, although green is said to be the fashionable colour. Dark Roman red costumes, braided and fur-banded, look very pretty and stylish on the street, and also for jackets and wraps. For evening dresses it is less in style, but for walking costumes it is fancied, and bringing forward the terra-cottas and prunes in its train. In these costumes the panel effects have lost none of their popularity. The only difference seems to be that panels are now made to appear as an underskirt showing between openings in the drapery, and that the latter is disposed to lap over the panel or front, as the case may be, in order to further this idea. Braided or appliqué panels are especially fashionable.

## AN AMERICAN OPINION OF ANNEXATION.

In spite of this evidence of a century's history Mr. Goldwin Smith still argues that trade interests will ultimately draw Canada into political connection with the United States, and apparently does not understand why his opinion is rejected with indignation by the vast majority of Canadians, yet it seems impossible to conceive how, without a debasement of public sentiment quite unparalleled in history, a people whose history began in loyalty to British institutions, who through a hundred years have been sheltered by British power, who under that home rule have attained and enjoyed the most complete political and religious liberty, who have constantly professed the most devoted regard for a motherland with which they are connected by a thousand ties of affectionate sympathy, should deliberately, in cold blood, for commercial reasons only, break that connection and join themselves to a state in whose history and traditions they have no part. They would incur and unquestionably would deserve alike the contempt of the people they abandon and the people they join. \* \* \* \* In annexation to the United States she could have nothing but a bastard nationality, the offspring of meanness, selfishness or fear.—*The December Century*.

## BLISS CARMAN'S PROVENÇALS.

In a series of papers, entitled "Quaint Fancies and Rhymes,"—from the second number of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* to the fifteenth—I went through the whole range of modern examples of Provençal verse, furnished by the new English and American schools of society verse writers. The papers were very well received, but though there were two or three clever Canadian samples therein, I had to regret that these charming forms of literary sleight-of-hand were not yet domiciled in Canada. To-day I have the pleasure of stating that this complaint is no longer deserved. Through the attention of C. G. D. Roberts, M.A., I have received six clever pieces, from the pen of his brother-poet and own cousin, Bliss Carman, which I shall lay before the reader in two instalments—this number and next—in order that he may enjoy them, as the Roman did his wine—in sips; *degustando*.

### I.

The first is a Ballade, a full account of which was given in the second number (14th July, 1888,) of this paper.

#### LEUCONOE.

##### (BALLADE.)

When early summer fills the air,  
I bathe in mornings deep and new,  
Outstretched in meadow grasses where  
The waves roll out their purple hue  
Against the sky, and bring to view,  
Singing as once it sang to thee,  
The laughing broad Ægean blue;  
And thou art fair, Leuconoe.

Thy brow and calm grey eyes are fair;  
That deep-poised head Apelles drew;  
Thy circlet braids of chestnut hair  
The softest wind that hither blew  
Would rest and fall to linger through,  
And love the land of Helené,  
Where days are long and song is true,  
And thou art fair, Leuconoe.

With swallows floating here and there,  
The wind comes wandering up to strew  
The feathered grass with tints that wear  
The bloom of hills where morning flew  
In those far years; such winds renew  
Old days of love and song for thee,  
Making the songless hours few;  
And thou art fair, Leuconoe.

##### ENVOY.

The hum of bees, the fall of dew,  
The stars are sweet; and lavishly  
The dawns are pink as Hellas knew;  
And thou art fair, Leuconoe!

### II.

The second example is of the Rondel, dating back to the days of Froissart, and chiselled to its present dainty shape by Charles d'Orléans. The

reader will find all about it in the fifth number of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*, on the 4th August, 1888. The Rondel is not the same as the Roundel.

#### TO MAECENAS.

##### (RONDEL.)

Ungenerous Sabine you shall drink,  
My dear Maecenas, modest liver!  
Which I myself sealed up, with clink  
Of good old jars, that day the river

Reëchoed, till its hills did quiver,  
Your praise and plaudits from its brink.  
From moderate glasses you shall drink,  
My dear Maecenas, modest liver.

For you Calenian bubbles wink,  
And flavour to your cups deliver;  
Of rich Falernian you will think  
Your host but an ungenerous giver.  
Yet common Sabine come and drink,  
My dear Maecenas, modest liver!

### III.

The third part consists of two Triolets, the quaint forms of which are set forth in the eighth number of the *ILLUSTRATED*, on the 25th of August.

#### TRIOLETS.

##### To—

##### I.

When June comes over Acadie,  
And roses strew the meadow ways,  
Their beauty lingers wistfully  
Through sunny-hearted Acadie—  
The scented bloom of chivalry  
Dreaming of thee through summer days,  
When June comes over Acadie  
And roses strew the meadow ways.

##### II.

Only June can bring such twilight,  
As these days that bring not thee;  
While a tender calm deep eyelight  
Haunts the eyelids of the twilight.  
Only three gold stars for my light:  
Thou, and June, and Acadie!  
Only June can bring such twilight  
As these days that bring not thee!

I withhold any words of mine until next week, when the second half of these fine poems will have been given. In the meanwhile, I leave my readers time to enjoy what has been laid before them.

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

## DOMINION NOTES.

The total number of immigrants who settled in Manitoba and the Northwest last year was 17,186.

A copy of plans for cipher telegrams has been received from the War Office by the Militia Department.

The Department of Marine will shortly issue a chart of the mouth of the Fraser river, British Columbia.

A pair of moose from Stony Mountain have arrived from Winnipeg for the Montreal Carnival. They are trained to trot double, and can make a mile in two minutes.

Reports from all parts of Nova Scotia regarding the trade of the past year show a general increase of trade with the upper provinces. This is especially true of those portions of the province which have hitherto traded most largely with the United States.

Thos. Taggart has discovered a rich phosphate mine on the north shore of Westkidow Lake, Township of Bedford. It has been opened, and with six men working averages two tons daily. They have also found a solid vein of phosphate ten feet in width, and other persons have discovered veins.

The Fishery Department at Ottawa has been advised of the return to Victoria of two fishing vessels which went to the black cod banks of Queen Charlotte Island. Both vessels were very successful. The department will send out an expedition next spring to determine the length of the banks.

The London *Gazette* announces the formal appointment of the commission to administer crofter colonization in the Northwest. Lord Lothian represents the Imperial Government, Sir Charles Tupper represents Canada, the Lord Provost of Glasgow represents private subscribers, and Thomas Skinner, a director, represents the Canadian Northwest Land Company, the last named replacing Peacock Edwards, who was formerly nominated. The Spanish Government are awaiting the arrival of the Canadian commissioner to enter into negotiations to promote trade between Canada and the Spanish West Indies. The political situation in Spain may possibly hamper the present progress of negotiations.



## RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

A moralist writes me that it is hard to put Honesty right before the public. The Greek *dikaio* certainly means "just," in the sense of a man who is fair in judging of others' actions and views as well as honest in dealing with them. But the word "just" is too vague to be of much use in didactics.

As for "righteousness," it hits above people's heads altogether, and the tradesman with two prices, or custom house cheating merchant, could hear fifty sermons against unrighteousness and never win a hair. Dishonesty is the epidemic sin of the age, owing mainly to the fact that, though children are taught almost everything else, they are not taught "Duty," in a single school.

Children should be taught by a handbook on Duty, by scathing epithets from the master, and by a scornful and execrating ring in his voice which alludes to the meaner, because law-evading, forms of dishonesty, so to loathe them as that it would be impossible, within one generation, to find a gambler, a defaulter or a rumseller.

An "Oxford Classman" writes that when character is made first, foremost and paramount, as it ought to be, in education, singing and some instrument, be it only the dinner-horn, will be taught in schools. Music has a marvellous power in raising and sweetening character.

In his conversations with the Duke of Wellington, just published, the Earl of Stanhope gives His Grace's views on Secular Education. He called it knowledge without religion, and doubted whether the devil himself could devise a worse scheme of social destruction. He said again: "Take care what you are about, for, unless you base all this on religion, you are only making so many devils."

The Duke also condemned the whole system of pews in churches. He said that if space were wanted at Strathfieldsaye, he should offer to give up his pew, keeping only a chair for himself. "The system of a church establishment is," added he, "that every clergyman should preach the Word of God."

I have to thank Mr. John Reade for the following: "In connection with your charming *Parvus Dominus et amabilis*, I have come on an old German poem or stanza, which, though very different, suggests a like tenderness of sympathy, mingled, though in a far less degree, with veneration." The "Jesulein" is the "Jesulus" or "Parvus Dominus" of St. Francis:

## JESULEIN.

Ich weiss ein liebes Blümelein  
Mit Gottes Than begossen,  
In einem jung fräulichen Schrein  
Zur Winters-zeit entsprossen:  
Dieses Blümelein heisst Jesulein,  
Ew'ger Jugend, grosser Tugend,  
Schön und lieblich, reich und herrlich:  
Menschen, kind,  
Wie selig ist, des dieses Blümelein findt.

—Schaffler.

Mystical 17th century poet.

I received three original sonnets from Chelsea, the other day, on Wolfe, Montcalm and their common monument. This set me thinking of the "Village of Palaces," as it is called, once noted for its taverns and gardens. Pepys made merry there at the Swan, and Gray sings:

The Chelsey's meads o'erhears perfidious vows,  
And the pressed grass defrauds the grazings cows.

It was associated with Charles II., Steele and Smollett, and the gardens were mostly the work of the French, who took refuge there after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

"L. E. L." was born there in 1802, and Mary Russell Mitford went to school. There dwelt Sir Thomas More, and Holbein, Erasmus and Margaret Roper visited. Other names linked there with are William Penn, Nell Gwynne, Addison, Lord Ranelagh, Sir Robert Walpole, Catharine Parr, Queen Elizabeth, George Eliot, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Turner and the Kingsleys.

M. Hébert, the well known sculptor, has been displaying the bust and a medallion of Sir George Cartier, wrought for the grave at Cote des Neiges, by the instruction of Miss Cartier—who, with her mother and sister, have been sojourning in the south of France since the death of her illustrious father, at London, in 1873. Sir George Cartier was a great man—a statesman, whom even his foes often mourn, and a patriot-poet, whose charming song, which he used to sing in a ringing tenor voice,

O Canada, mop pays, mes amours!

is imbedded in the hearts and literature of French Canada for ever.

TALON.

## PERSONAL.

Sir David Macpherson has arrived at Monte Carlo, where he will remain for two months.

Private advices from Paris state that Hon. Mr. Chapleau's health is greatly improved.

Within the past week, Montreal has lost three distinguished townsmen, Justice Badgley, T. S. Brown, and Alexander Murray.

Sir Henry A. Blake, whose appointment as Governor of Queensland was so strongly opposed, has been appointed Governor of Jamaica.

Sir John Macdonald's 74th birthday will be on the 11th of January, and his friends are talking of having a demonstration at Ottawa in his honour.

Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to accept an engraving from the portrait of Sir John Macdonald, the premier of Canada, painted by Mr. A. R. Dickson-Patterson, of Toronto.

Hon. W. M. Kelly, a member of the New Brunswick Legislative Council, died lately at his son's residence, Montreal. He was born in Moncton in 1827, and held the position of chief commissioner of public works for his own province from 1869 to 1878.

Principal Grant returned to Kingston on the 22nd ult. and was accorded a hearty welcome. Addresses were presented from the civic authorities and the public school board, to which Dr. Grant made a feeling reply, in the course of which he stated that in all the countries he had visited there was no place like Canada.

## MILITIA NOTES.

There are at present about a dozen vacancies in each permanent battery of artillery, which will be gradually filled as eligible men offer.

This year's meeting of the National Rifle Association will be held at Wimbledon, as the new ranges at Brookwood will not be completed in time.

Recruiting for the Northwest Mounted Police will commence in the Eastern provinces next March when the time of about 100 men will expire.

War office returns show that despite all efforts to obtain a home supply of army horses, the present stock is still not sufficient to mount two-thirds of the men, and it is expected further Canadian horses will soon be sought to meet the pressing needs of the British army.

Captain Henry Courtland Freer, South Staffordshire Regiment, who has been connected with the Infantry School corps, London, Ont., since December, 1883, has ceased his connection with the corps, and will rejoin a battalion of his regiment either at Gibraltar or Devonport. Capt. Freer served first with his regiment in Egypt, next with "B" Company at St. Johns, Que., was A. D. C. to Gen. Middleton in the North-West, and was mentioned in the despatches.

SILKS AND VELVETS.—Demand for silk and velvets is far from being as animated as it usually is at this season of the year. Plain black and striped moires have been much more called for, and the so-called French moire has sold fairly well for trimming purposes. Satins, merveilleux and damasks have enjoyed only a moderate demand, and have sold in small quantities only. The revival of the rich matelasse silks has proved a failure. Handsome as they are, buyers are timid about handling them, and stocks in manufacturers' hands have accumulated considerably, without any prospect of a revival of demand. In novelties the new silk called granite, which is self-coloured but woven with a small pattern like armure, has been offered, but taken very sparingly, and, all round, buyers have displayed a reluctance to invest in anything outside of strictly staple lines.



The best books of travel we know of are "Baedeker," "Bradshaw," and the pocket-book.

Social philosopher: "Is marriage a failure?" Furniture man: "Great Scott! No. I've made \$1000 this year on baby carriages alone."

He: "I always seem to call when Miss Snyder is out." She: "Perhaps you are mistaken about that. It might be she is never in when you call."

Mrs. Popinjay never uses slang, but she came very near it the other day when she caught her lazy chambermaid sitting at ease in the parlour and exclaimed: "Now you get up and dust."

Watching for the letter that never comes is pleasant pastime compared with the agony of the woman who is watching for the answer to the letter given to her husband to mail, that never went.

Girls should learn to be useful as well as ornamental. There are times when instead of going out among men "to make a mash," as the saying goes, they should stay at home and mash the potatoes.

Miss Bagley: "You are very silent, Mr. Ponsonby." Ponsonby: "Ya-as. I make it a point nevah to speak unless I get an ideah." Miss Bagley (archly): "Ah! now I know why you so seldom speak."

"Let me see," said the minister, who was filling up a marriage certificate and had forgotten the date, "this is the fifth is it not?" "No, Sir," replied the bride, with indignation, "this is only my second."

A lady has been appointed professor of wood-carving in a western college. "Her first labours," says some droll person in the Baltimore *American* "should be to teach the young ladies how to sharpen a lead pencil."

Farmer Oatcake—"You won't find any chickens here to steal, Free." Freetrader Ferguson—"I knows dat, boss, for I took 'em all las' week. But I's willing ter take yer chicken coops off yer hands at reas'nable figgah, ef y'll call it squar'."

At the concert—(He is a Philistine of the deepest dye. The symphony has been played.) "Well," she asks, "what do you think of that?" "It seems to me that their fiddles ought to be in tune after all that fuss. When does the music begin?"

A queer wrinkle seen in some of the carriages in which ladies are out doing their Christmas shopping is that the carriages are pink lined. This casts a rosy hue over milady's complexion and makes her look pretty, though she be blue to the gills.

Quills: "Do you know, Funniman, that I sometimes think I am losing my head." Funniman: "Good gracious, Quills, you don't mean it! What has put this idea into your head?" Quills: "The fact that I have begun to laugh at your jokes."

It is an ancient and pleasing sign of devotion for the lover to kiss his lady's eyes. This custom, it is perhaps needless to say, did not originate in Boston; for who can imagine Hiram saying to Priscilla: "My love, will you kindly remove your spectacles?"

"Alexander the Great!" his mother called before light this morning. Alexander knew it wasn't a mere complimentary expression, and he explained afterward that she spelled it "grate," and that she meant him to arouse himself and build the kitchen fire.

Poetry and truth.—Young man (to editor): "I would like to leave this poem, sir, for you to read, and in case it is not accepted can you return it to me?" Editor: "Oh, yes." Young man: "I have signed it 'Anon.'" Editor: "Very well, sir, I will return it Anon."

Fisk and Gould had bought a great line of river-steamers. Travers went aboard one of them with Fisk. As they went up-stairs, Fisk pointed to the portraits of himself and Gould on the landing-wall. "Y-yes," said Travers, "I th-think they're v-very g-g-good, b-b-but to m-make them c-c-complete, th-there sh-sh-should b-b-be a p-p-picture of our S-S-Saviour in the m-m-middle."

She is crossing the parlour, the maiden fair.  
Crossing the room with unconscious air,  
She halts, but, of course, she does not know,  
She has halted under the mistletoe,  
Not till she's kissed is the maid aware  
That she halted under the mistletoe there.  
How many strange things in the world we see;  
How absent-minded a maid can be!

W. S. Gilbert, coming down from a great reception some time since, stood in the hall waiting for the servant to bring him his coat and hat. As he stood there, a heavy swell, descending, took him for a servant in waiting, and called out to him, "Call me a four-wheeler." Mr. Gilbert placed his glass in his eye, and looking blandly at the swell said, "You are a four-wheeler." "What do you mean?" said the swell. Said Mr. Gilbert: "You told me to call you a four-wheeler, and I have done so. I really couldn't call you handsome, you know."



Democrats nowadays may be divided into two classes, those who swear by the President and those who swear at him.

"Hold on, sis!" exclaimed one of the little Rambo boys as he paused at the door; "don't go into the house. The minister is making a call." "How do you know?" enquired his little sister. "Can't you hear ma talking? She's got her Sunday voice on."

"Gentlemen," said an indignant passenger on a Chicago cable car, "will none of you get up and give this old lady a seat?" "I'll thank you, sir," snapped the lady, "to attend to your own affairs. I am not as old as you are by twenty years, if I'm any judge of a person's age." The indignant passenger got off at the next crossing.

"What you want, brethren," said a coloured preacher, waving his arms wildly to emphasize his words, "what you want is sanctifigumption! Get sanctifigumption if you don't get nothing else!" Sanctifigumption is a very good and expressive word, the *Christian Standard* thinks, and says, "pass it along, where it may happen to be abundantly needed."

A good story is told of Rosenthal, the pianist. Silote, one of "Liszt's favourite pupils," sent Rosenthal a note announcing the birth of his first daughter, adding: "She is already four weeks old, but cannot play the piano. Remarkable, isn't it?" "Nothing at all remarkable about that," Rosenthal replied. "You are thirty-two and can't play either."

Young widow (tearfully): "Yes, I loved my husband, but I cannot stand this cheerless life, and I must marry again." Friend: "You are in comfortable circumstances, with plenty of servants, and—" "Servants! Yes, that's just it, my friend. I can't go on keeping house and squabbling with my servants without a husband to tell all my troubles to."

My love is like an old, old shoe  
That sweetly fits and gives no pain;  
My love is like a hat that's new—  
One hates to take her in the rain!

My love is like the dinner bell,  
At whose bright call all gladly come;  
My love—she wears so very well—  
Is like the finest chewing gum.

My love, besides, is like the spring,  
The pearl, the dove, the rose, the star,  
And every other blessed thing  
That other loves of poets are.



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